In This Issue

VOLUME 151 JANUARY 16, 1929 NUMBER 3

Looking Forward 81

A Study in Light and Shadow . 82
Photograph by CHARLES SHEELER

Articles

This New Morality . . . 83
By HARVEY O'HIGGINS

New Windows for Old . . 87
By CLAUDE BRAGDON

"The King!" 89
By T. R. YBARRA

Soft Pedagogy in the Colleges . 105
By EDGAR W. KNIGHT

New York "Goes Auto" Again 118
By JOHN LANGDON LEIGHTON

Poetry

A Page of Verse 90

The World This Week

As the Year Began . . . 94
Germany Can Pay 94
Ship News 95
Confusion 95
"Whither Mankind?" . . . 96
An Impresario of Sport . . 96
Pomp in a Quaker? . . . 96
But What of the Prisoners? . 97
Judging the Future by the Past 97
The Bootlegger's Patron . . 98
Science Unravels . . . 98
Golf in the Stadium . . . 98
Speaking of Ruins 98
Remarkable Remarks . . . 98
Peace in the Americas . . . 99
"Dry Mexico" 99
Working on the Railroads . 100
Fair Return 100
Cricket on the Hearth . . . 100
Back Stage in Washington . 101

Editorial

Science and Religion . . . 102

Departments

Sport 86
By HERBERT REED

The Movies 91
By A. M. SHERWOOD, JR.
From the Life 92
By IBBY HALL

The Theatre 93
By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

"—If You Know What I Mean" 103
By WALTON MORTON

Financial 104
By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

Ivory, Apes and Peacocks . . 116
By W. R. BROOKS

Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS 108
Reviews by THE EDITOR AND GEORGE O'NEILL

Readers and Writers . . . 112
By ERNEST BOYD

Picked at Random 114
By WALTER R. BROOKS

FRANCIS RUFUS BELLAMY, Publisher-Editor

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

PARKHURST WHITNEY WALTER R. BROOKS ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT
MALCOLM WATERS DAVIS HAROLD T. PULSIFER FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS
RICHARD E. DANIELSON STEWART BEACH CHRISTIAN A. HERTER
JOHN LANGDON LEIGHTON HELEN W. CHANDLER

WILLIAM L. ETTINGER, JR., Advertising Manager
WILLIAM A. GREVERS, Circulation Manager

The Outlook and Independent is indexed in the Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature

THE OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT, January 16, 1929. Volume 151, Number 3. Published weekly by The Outlook Company at 120 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y. Subscription price $5.00 a year. Single copies 15 cents each. Foreign subscription to countries in the Postal Union, $6.56. Entered as second-class matter July 21, 1893, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., and July 20, 1928, at the Post Office at Springfield, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1929, by The Outlook Company.

Looking Forward

HARVEY O'HIGGINS, whose article on "This New Morality" heads this issue, deserves the most serious consideration from the readers of the Outlook and Independent. We know of no American writer who is trying more earnestly and sincerely to interpret life as he sees it than is Mr. O'Higgins. In a sense, of course, he is attempting in this article to bridge the inevitable gap between generations. And such an attempt is apt to attract bricks from both sides. From our own particular vantage point, however, we find his conclusions heartening, and drawn with a sympathetic charity which is rare.

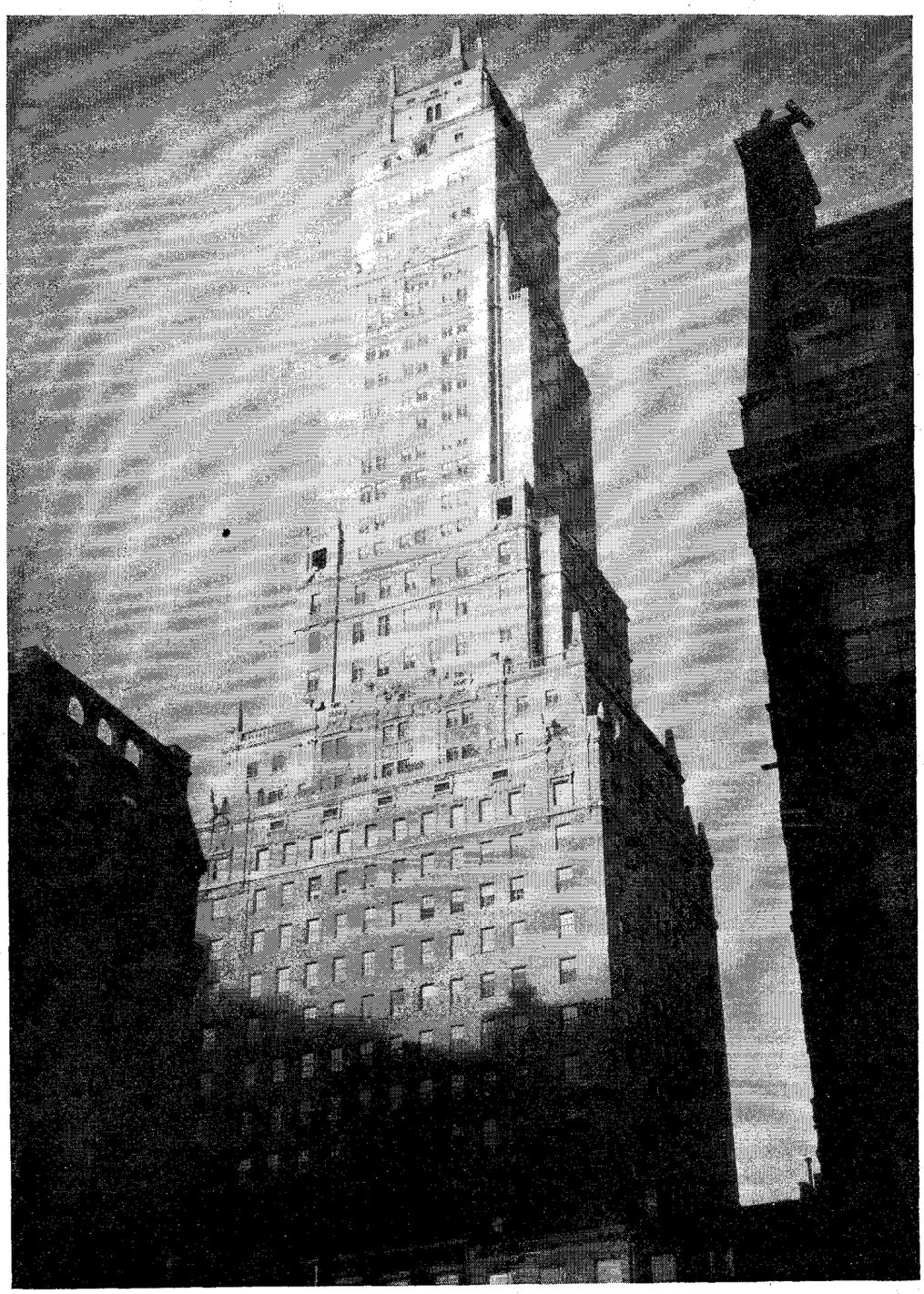
GENERALLY SPEAKING, nevertheless, we should say that much more time will elapse before the point of view from which he writes becomes general than will be necessary to introduce into every Fifth Avenue in the United States copies of the shop windows of the future which Claude Bragdon points out in his article, "New Windows for Old." Mr. Bragdon calls attention to the particular aspect of these new windows which is most significant: their development of metal and glass as decorative materials.

AS A PEOPLE we are amazingly quick to seize upon new inventions, new machines, new business methods and new things of all sorts—even if, as has been the case with the automobile, they mean a complete revolution in our manner of living. When it comes to ideas and customs, however, we seem frankly suspicious, a little afraid, almost uncertain of ourselves—as if our morals and manners were infinitely fragile things. Many a man will allow his son to go aloft in a new model airplane who fears to have him read some new book, or come in contact with some new idea.

ADVENTUROUS in the physical world, we sometimes seem timorous in the spiritual and intellectual spheres. Articles like Mr. O'Higgins's serve to banish such fears and allow us to view future generations with more equanimity and hope.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A STUDY IN LIGHT AND SHADOW
Photograph by Charles Sheeler

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Outlook
and Independent
January 16, 1929

This New Morality

By HARVEY O'HIGGINS

The author reminds us that the figure of industry as the home wrecker is slightly antiquated. Invention is fast righting old wrongs as it is now possible to foresee the American home as an independent cultural and recreational unit. This is one aspect of modern life upon which Mr. O'Higgins bases his hopeful forecast of our spiritual and moral welfare

IN THE EARLY nineteen hundreds, the current social problem with the largest "P" was the problem of how to keep the young people on the American farm. They were deserting their paternal acres and their ancestral chores in such numbers that the ruin of the United States was obviously just around the corner. All the prophets of doom gave tongue to it: the fate of ancient Rome was upon us; our sturdy peasantry was dying out; the Nation's food would have to be imported from countries less effete; we were becoming a Roman republic of city slaves dependent on Wall Street for bread and circuses.

President Roosevelt sought the aid of what we used to call his "press gang" and proposed a campaign of propaganda by the embattled writers of America to save our civilization. We were to sound the alarm, rally the farmers with eloquent exhortations and stem the rout. We certainly sounded the alarm. We were even assisted by William Jennings Bryan who wrote an article to prove that farming was a healthful occupation because it kept you out in the open air, and he illustrated his thesis with photographs of himself driving a tedder and loading hay. It was all in vain. Either the retreating farmers did not read us or they decided that if we thought farming was such patriotic fun they ought to leave us more room in their trenches. They continued the evacuation of their fields unchecked.

At the same time, unknown to us, a mechanic in Detroit was working on a machine that was to save the day. A delegation from the French Chambers of Commerce came to admire his factory, somewhere around the year 1912, and they asked him why he had recently reduced the price of nis Ford car by $50 when he had already more orders for it than he could fill. In the course of his reply, he confessed: "I can't do anything to justify my existence except make automobiles. I believe that the automobile is the Great Liberator. And I intend to keep on reducing the price of this car until I've put one in every backyard and every farmyard in the country."

It was his invention of the cheap automobile that solved the problem of how to keep the young people on the farm. The despised flivver accomplished easily what the moral fulminations of orators, politicians, moralists and propagandists had failed even to begin. There was no temptation to desert the countryside for the amusements of the neighboring town when the flivver brought those amusements within reach of every farm for fifty miles around. The farmer became a suburbanite. Now, like the millionaire, he has his house in the country and runs into town with his wife for his opera—that is to say, his movie. It is no longer easy to recognize the young hick by the cut of his clothes—although the humorists are not yet aware of that change in him. He motors to as many dances as his city cousin; and at night, along the secluded lanes, he parks his mush-car, unabashed, among the sport models from the country clubs.

Having solved this problem of farm relief triumphantly, the motor car produced a new one. The auto proved to be truly, as Ford said, the Great Liberator. It liberated the young people from the surveillance of their elders. They no longer had to spoon in the front parlor, or on the family veranda, or under the eyes of the neighborhood, walking where they might be recognized. They could climb into their flivver and disappear as completely as if they had eloped by railroad train in the old days. So they were free to carry on that moral revolt of modern youth which is now more despairingly regarded than the forgotten exodus of the farmer; and the thunders of preachers and authors and moralists of all sorts are roaring around this new storm center of social unrest with terrifying fury.

WHY WORRY? If you are like Bryan, of course, you cannot help it. If you believe that man is an imperfect creation who is only sustained in virtue by the hand of his Creator—that he is a kind of spineless marionette kept erect by the mystic wires that support him from above—yes, naturally, you will tremble for him. The hand that supports him may be withdrawn. He may, himself, by his own skepticism, cut his wires. In his sinful desire to move independently, against the directions of the Great Showman whom Bryan saw above him, he may break his connection

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with heaven and suffer another awful Fall.

But if you see him, with the eyes of reason, as an imperfect creature who has been some millions of years perfecting himself, what is there to worry about? He has achieved his own civilization and he will go on improving it. He has made his present morality himself, and he will continue to alter and refine it. The power that raised him is inside him. If he should fall, he would pick himself up again. The impulses that have brought him out of caves and savagery still operate irresistibly within him, and he cannot turn against them any more than the earth can refuse to revolve.

It is his everlasting problem that he has to live on three levels. He is an animal with animal instincts which can be domesticated but never killed off; and he must live, on the instinctive level, with some indulgence of the animal impulses that are his driving power. But unlike all other animals—so far as we know—he has a self-conscious intelligence, and he has to live also on this level of life, the level of intelligent ideas and ideals. And finally, he is a social animal who must live on a third level, in harmony with the instincts and the intelligence of his group.

On his animal level of life, the instrument that integrates his energy and delivers his force is the instinct. On the intelligent level, his energy is integrated and his force is delivered by the instrument of the idea. Lastly, the social group, acting like a super-individual organism, integrates its energy and delivers its force through the instrument of custom. And every successful community lives efficiently by virtue of a composition of forces in which the instrument of instinct has been brought under the control of the idea, and the instrument of the idea has been brought under the control of custom.

On each level of life, failure results in a particular type of human defeat. The failure of the instrument of instinct produces a neurotic. The failure of the instrument of the idea produces an insane person. The failure of the instrument of custom produces a criminal. Each of these failures is a liability to the group, and the community tends automatically to expel them from the social life by sending the neurotic to the sanitarium, the psychotic to the asylum and the criminal to jail.

But a failure on any one of these three levels may be a failure in what is called morality, for there is an immorality that is an offense against instinct, just as there is an immorality that offends against conscious ideals and an immorality that offends against tribal customs. And when you hear a guardian of public morals denouncing a new immorality about which he is worrying, it is wise to consider on which level of life the offense has arisen which he is heralding as ruin to the republic.

Consider, for instance, what has happened in the matter of prohibition. An apparent majority of people in this country, having arrived at a personal ideal of total abstinence from alcohol, undertake to make that ideal a tribal custom by law. A strong minority are opposed to it both by conscious ideal and instinctive impulse. They find the prohibition law an intrusion on the personal liberty of their private lives. Their egotistic instincts of independence revolt against it. Some of them have also an instinctive need of alcohol as an escape from the oppressions of reality into that happier dreamland to which alcohol opens the gates. Neither on the instinctive nor the intelligent level of life do they consider a breach of the prohibition law an immorality. Even if they were all arrested, found guilty and sent to prison for life, they would not see themselves as criminals but as martyrs in the cause of liberty. The man who regards their actions as immoral may be technically justified—since it is technically immoral to break the law—but the immorality is not one that penetrates to the deeper levels of life, and when he denounces it as "sapping the foundations of the republic," he is making the foundations responsible for a leak in the roof.

Similarly with the revolt of modern youth. Here we have a rebellion of instinctive impulse, not against a new tribal custom, but against an old one. Since the earliest days of Puritanism in America, the sexual instinct has been allowed no moral expression outside of marriage, and even in its permitted indulgence it has been considered something taboo and shameful, particularly for women. The men managed to get what William James called their "moral holidays," but their wives and daughters, shut up in the Puritan homes, devoted themselves to a repression of instinctive impulse that was almost unlike.

The Puritan home was destroyed by the invention of machines that took the weaving, the sewing, the canning and preserving, the hat-making and knitting and washing and the rest of the old domestic industries away from the home into mills and factories and sweatshops and canning plants and steam laundries. The women, particularly the unmarried women, followed their work. They left home to find employment in factories, shops and offices. They were paid wages. They became economically independent of their men. Released from masculine control, they began to dress and dance and marry and divorce with a new freedom which the moralists have now been railing against for many years in vain.

That freedom was a stirring of instinctive impulse released by a change in the general way of life and struggling against the conscious ideals that had been imposed upon women in their cloisters. It was an inevitable revolt, and it was timely, for Puritanism was killing off the Puritans. Too blind a suppression of the sexual instinct had produced a poisonous crop of neuroses, insanities, perversions and morbidities. The lack of instinctive joy in living was not the least of the evils; and a sort of psychic sterility was one of the elements that contributed to what Roosevelt so eloquently campaigned against as "race suicide."

The World War quickened the pace of the revolt. The tribal ban on cigarettes was not the only one that was lifted for the benefit of the boys in the trenches. Any pleasure which they could snatch at was permitted to the youths who were about to die. The girl could not deny herself to the lover who was going to face death in her defense. Puritanism among the young came to a sudden and violent end, assisted by the automobile, by the general knowledge of birth control, and by the efforts of the Freudians to preach a more intelligent conscious ideal for the control of the sexual instinct.

But here again, as in the case of prohibition, the appearance of immorality is more glaring than the fact. These young people are certainly offending against the morality of tribal custom, and they are suffering for it. They are also, almost invariably, sinning against the conscious ideals which they have been taught from childhood, and they are enduring all kinds of self-inflicted psychic tortures in consequence.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But the instinct that is driving them is a healthy instinct; and they are moving toward a more sensible sexual ideal than the Victorian morbidities from which they are escaping. To the eye of the psychiatrist, they are much less immoral than those moralists to whom all sex is something essentially unclean.

An Anthony Comstock, projecting his own abnormalties into a prosecution of the instinct wherever he sees it, is a greater offender against natural morality than any of the flaming youth of our younger generation. In their wildest indulgence, they will never be as immoral as those mute and inglorious Oscar Wildes whom Puritanism produced in such numbers—for a successful repression of sex is much less likely to show as virtue than as perversion. There will be fewer neurotics and psychotics for society to struggle with when a franker education of the sexual instinct is made possible by the new morality which is appearing as a result of the revolt. There will be fewer sexually anesthetic wives and mother-fixated husbands to make the American marriage end inevitably in divorce. In short, however offensive the revolt may be to the morality of tribal custom, it is far less abhorrent to instinctive morality than the system of sexual suppression which it is displacing.

IT IS CHIEFLY a feminine revolt. That is a fact which its opponents have been most unwilling to face; and when Judge Lindsey and Wainwright Evans faced it in their two volumes on Judge Lindsey's work in Denver, their critics were outraged by this "insult to the fair name of American womanhood." The tabloids have since discovered that it is the girls who are chiefly responsible for the moral laxity at young "gin parties." The current novels of exposure stress the same point. As a matter of fact, the morality of the boys has not greatly changed. They have always tended to take "moral holidays" with girls of the so-called lower classes. They now find it possible to make the same escape with girls of their own social set. Their escape has merely become less difficult and less secret.

And since it is a feminine revolt, it will undoubtedly continue. The woman of the future, able to earn her living outside the home, will never be dominated by her husband or her father as she was by the male head of the household in the old days. She will achieve moral freedom in her conduct as inevitably as she has arrived at physical freedom in her dress. Impossible to return her to hoop-skirts and crinoline. Impossible to make her accept the double standard of morality which her grandmothers endured. With the same opportunities as a young man, the girl will evolve the same code as he. And he will accept it.

He has to have a home. Like any other predatory animal, after a day spent hunting and preying and struggling with the enmities of rivals and the adversities of circumstance, he has to have some cave, some lair or burrow, in which he can hide himself to rest at night. If he is only a frightened rabbit, he will need it all the more. He will always need, too, an atmosphere of love and friendship in his shelter, to succor and sustain him for the next day's work. For that reason, some form of marriage is an instinctive necessity for him, and to get it he will make whatever terms he has to make with women.

NO. ONE MAY comfortably predict that no matter what happens to modern marriage, it will not die on the operating table, and whatever happens to the American home—be it ever so humiliated—it will still remain a home. It has already begun to recover from the influence of the automobile. It has been revived by the radio. The broadcasting companies have brought to the family fireside the prize fight and the baseball game, the political campaign and the woman's club lecturer and the vaudeville turn and the dance music of the night club. Television promises to deliver the news reel and the movie to the parlor wall; and though you may think that television is only visible, as yet, to the eye of the fanciful, you will notice that if you sell a play to a moving-picture company your contract will include a clause to cover the "television rights." The home is becoming more and more a place of domestic entertainment and less and less a little family prison from which every one wishes to escape except perhaps the warden. And this is surely a change for the better, even if it involves a change in the married relation and a less Puritanic ideal in matters of sex.

The other day, a grand jury in New Jersey indicted a number of men for sexual offenses with school girls, and in the course of their findings the jurors emphasized a lack of "religious training," among the girls, as a primary cause of their delinquency. A great many of our modern prophets of evil foresee in the decline of religious faith the diabolic origin of all our faults. They, like the grand jury, seem rather to overlook the fact that religious training and moral training are by no means the same course of instruction. Religion took over morals when the gods were made the superpolice of the tribal customs and a system of heavenly rewards and punishments was instituted in support of the moral law.

TODAY, it is true that the general belief in this system of supernatural judgments is failing, but the natural authority behind the moral law remains as strong as ever. It resides in the influence of the parents. Moral and loving parents train a moral child, not by precept but by example; because whom the child loves, it imitates, and that imitation will remain as a subconscious determinant of conduct, no matter what moral code is subsequently imposed on the intelligence or what religious faith is inculcated in church or Sunday school. This is one of the most uncomfortable discoveries of the new psychology. It is being seized upon, with fascinated eagerness, by the American mother. She has been the most conscientious mother in the world. She has the leisure to be the most intelligent. If she can learn from her psychiatrist how to educate and "condition" the instincts of her children to the ends of a wise morality, the ethical future of the Nation ought to be assured.

But what that future will be, only a madman would venture to prophesy. There have been revolts against Puritanism before—followed by a more fanatical Puritanism than ever—and only the intelligent ideals of the new psychology now stand in the way of another such swing of the pendulum. How effective those ideals will be, the future alone can tell. There is still a great deal to be learned about the unconscious foundations of morality in the instinctive mind of man. The male animal has obviously an unconscious fear of sex that shows throughout the history of morals and religion as an instinctive fear of women, and his fear will still act as a drag on the progress of the new freedom.

The sexual instinct in woman is not so superficial and easily satisfiable as in man; she cannot adopt his code and live by it with any happiness; and her

(*Please Turn to Page 114*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Golfers Move South

By HERBERT REED
(Right Wing)

NOT all the Harvard golfers will be confined to the two new practice holes inside the Stadium, nor will the Yale and Princeton stars linger long in the North. Already there has been a considerable golfing invasion by the younger element of the courses at Pinehurst, while the professionals have gone as far West as Catalina. They'll be back in Southern territory soon, however, putting on perhaps their biggest tournament on the very fine course at St. Augustine. This, by the way, is a real championship test, just as is the No. 2 course at Pinehurst, albeit for sheer beauty, and a few rather tricky holes, there are those who prefer the No. 3 links, with its gorgeous background of pines. Farther South, Key West, Temple Terrace and Boca Ceiga at Tampa, will draw their share of tournaments, and Atlanta is another natural headquarters for the game, rejoicing as it does in the home course of Bobby Jones, champion of champions.

Palm Beach, with its Royal Poinciana course, with the tricky sand greens, and the Palm Beach Country Club, a truly interesting course, will share honors with Miami and Bellair. The women players take kindly to the last named and are to be found in force at Palm Beach. There is a steady swing around the circle, winding up at Pinehurst for a fixture of many years' standing, the North and South.

Pinehurst is usually something of a stumbling-block to those who are unaccustomed to its sand greens, and as a result the contingent that puts in a lot of play annually over the Country Club courses, is apt to have a little edge. The youngsters, however, are catching on. Just the other day George T. Dunlap, of New York, the twenty-year-old Princeton player, turned in the astonishing score of 68 over the No. 2 championship course, and more undoubtedly will be heard of this young comer before he finishes his invasion. Dunlap's game is as nicely rounded out as that of any of his young rivals. Dunlap is no newcomer to Pinehurst, however, since he has already twice won the title. In the course of his great shot making in the semifinal round, he was literally forced to his four under par by another youth, Dick Chapman, a Pomfret schoolboy. It is the professionals who suffer the most when they strike Pinehurst. They generally arrive at the course after a tour of links that call for the lofted approach shot, the shot with backspin that stops dead on the green. They have to change their attack to the run-up approach, a shot that has been pretty well mastered by the amateur contingent at Pinehurst.

There is generally a group of "course-wise" players ready to take on the stranger as soon as he gets off the train. His first experience, especially if there is a wind blowing, is apt to be disastrous. As far as the professionals are concerned, there is usually considerable stretching of the distances when they turn up on any of the Southern

Acme

GEORGE DUNLAP

courses. Some of the 130 and 140-pounders have complained of this deep setting back of the tees from time to time, but apparently without result. Every pro is expected to show a mighty long game, and show it for 72 holes. The result often is that the more solidly built type of player, like Walter Hagen, stands up best under the test.

While the youngsters have been showing perhaps more promise than ever before, the veterans of the game have been right out in front, proving that even in so uncertain a game as golf, class still tells. Walter Hagen showed once more that he was right on his game, by taking the Long Beach Open with the remarkable score of 276, while on the same day Bobby Jones, with H. A. Fortson, a twenty-three-year-old player from Augusta, Georgia, was capturing an exhibition match from C. A. Roberts and T. W. Palmer, two of Florida's ranking amateurs. The match is especially worth recording because of the fine play of Fortson. Any young man who plays as Bobby Jones's partner is apt to prove formidable, later in the season, for Bobby is as good a coach as he is a player.

The business of putting a check on some of the long drivers, commonly known as the siege guns of the game, has so far been unsuccessful. And in the meantime the real-estate values of many of the country's best courses are becoming all but prohibitive. What seemed to be a serious attempt at cutting down the distance from the tee was the production of a larger and lighter ball. The theory was that it would not only not fly so far as the present ball, but that the greater surface would make up for that because of the opportunity for better control. The new ball has so far had one serious test, and while it is a little too early to pass final judgment on it, the performance on this occasion was not up to promise. Phillips Finley, of Redlands, California, one of the longest drivers in the game, and who was put out in the semifinals by Bobby Jones, in the championship at Brae Burn last year, tried out the new ball at Pinehurst the other day, under perfect weather conditions, and said that he found practically no difference between it and the old ball.

To sum up, the prospect for low scores this winter is unusually bright. In the women's division, Miss Glenna Collett has been beaten playing with a male partner, but she is apparently well on her game just the same. Like Miss Joyce Wethered, the great British star, she picks a match where male players are engaged whenever she can find it. It is her theory, and she has seemed to prove it, that such play improves her long game. She gets a terrific swipe from the tee, but has had trouble now and then on the Southern courses, with the one-shot holes. These, oddly enough, seem to bother most of the women. It is perhaps just a matter of nerves.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Windows for Old

By CLAUDE BRAGDON

While the new architecture steps mammoth office buildings skyward, merchants have been developing a new note in shop front design on the streets below. Instead of merely calling attention to the contents of their windows, designers of these brightly original displays are throwing their efforts into making the shop front and its background striking and compelling. Mr. Bragdon, who describes some of New York's newest shop windows in this article, is an architect and an artist in stage design

NECESSITY gives birth to newness: unprecedented architectural problems produce unhackneyed solutions. Now the modern shop front is a product of modern metropolitan life which has absolutely no roots in the rich soil of the past, wherein lie buried all the ancient grandeurs; its designing, therefore, must be done, not from books but from the brain. For this reason there is a freshness and originality about some of the newest shop fronts and show-windows which even the buildings of which they form a part appear to lack, because these buildings, aside from their "mercantile story," consist after all only of cells of the everlasting human hive, not fundamentally different, in form and function, from those of ancient Egypt, Greece or Rome.

New York's fashionable shopping district has lately been enlivened by several shop fronts novel enough to capture the interested attention of passing pedestrians and bus-riders, showing, by this very fact, how well they fulfill one, at least, of their functions, which is to be arresting and attractive—not only to shine, but to outshine. This so-called "advertising value" is of the essence of the shop front problem, and if a conservative taste finds some of those singled out for commendation done "too wildly well"—too strident, too self-assertive—they have at least the same justification as the waved cane or umbrella to intercept a passing taxi: the end may be said to justify the means.

After this brief preamble, if you will now accompany me on a walk up New York's festal avenue, where its double row of shop fronts merges into one welcoming, mercenary smile, I shall call your attention to this or that engaging dimple, eye beam, or flash of pearly teeth, which seems most to imperil the "sales resistance" of the passer-by.

Starting, then, from Old Man Thirty-fourth Street, under the brick cliffs of the Waldorf (What could be more charmingly naïve than to name this upholsteric pile the Forest Village!) the first shop front to arrest our attention is that of the Wise Shoe Store, 384 Fifth Avenue. Extending through two full stories, it is a shining beacon to prospective buyers, both by day and by night—a thing of differently colored metals, and of glass, clear and etched. It is ingeniously and admirably planned, and elaborately—too elaborately—decorated. The "saw-tooth" arrangement of show-window, the high proscenium arch, and the funnel-like transition from this to the entrance door itself, drawing the loiterer by imperceptible stages from the pavement to the threshold, each stage baited, so to speak, with a different exhibit, in its own salient of glass—all these are admirable; so also is the sweeping silhouette over the door, in white and clear glass, representing the ritual of purchase. But the walls within the show-windows are a mass of ornament, poorly correlated and of no distinction, a detraction from, rather than an aid to the exhibits, in the same way that a confused and elaborate background is a detraction to an actor in a play. Particularly unfortunate in this respect is the floor of the show-windows, which of all things should be kept plain; this boldly ornamented surface cannot but conflict, to a greater or a less extent, with anything thereon super-imposed.

The sign is an integral part of the

Ewing Galloway

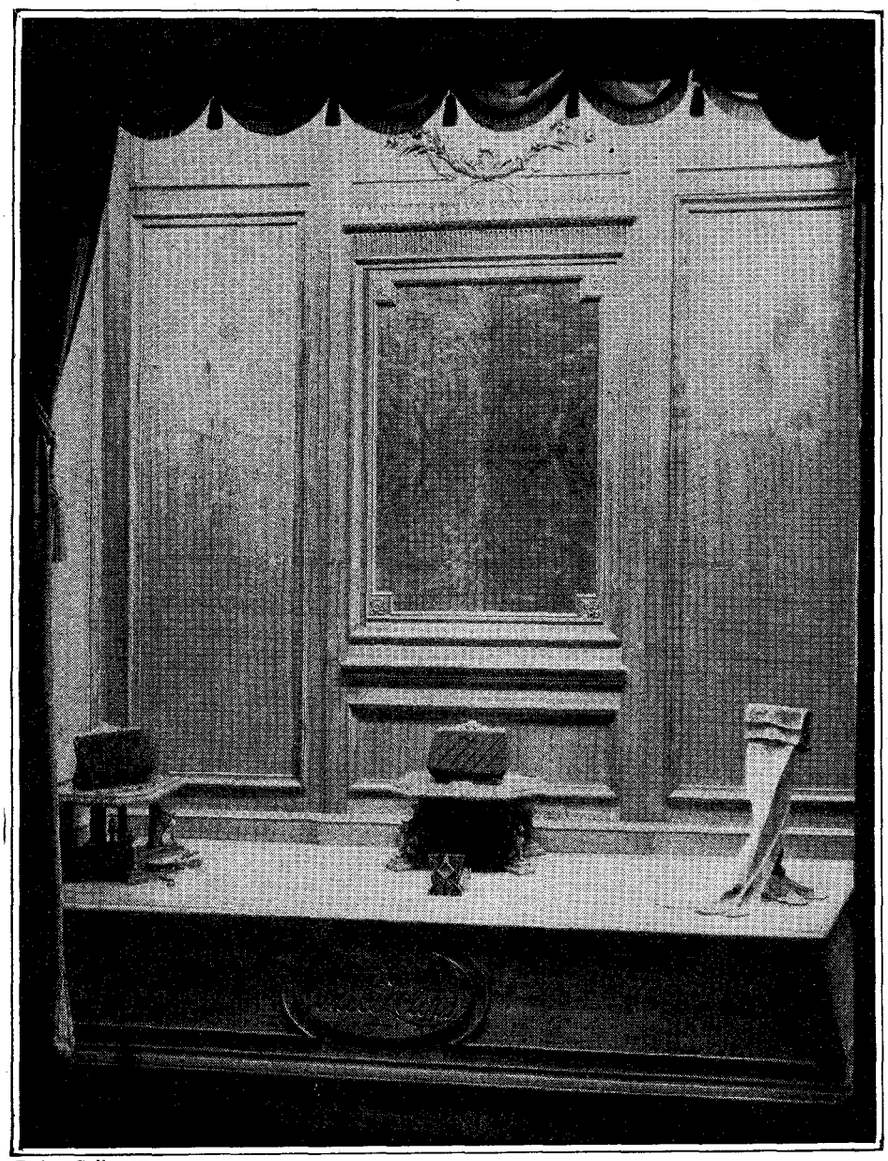
THE WISE SHOE STORE

The "saw tooth" arrangement of show window draws the loiterer by imperceptible stages from the pavement to the threshold

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

design as it should be, and its contrasting black and white give it the necessary prominence, but one could wish for something more distinguished in the way of lettering than the commonplace block letter that has been used. Despite these reservations, this shop front deserves the highest praise, for it is original and well-proportioned; the different materials are combined and handled with skill, and its sheer ingenuity is extraordinary. More than all else it shows a good grasp of the essentials of the shop front problem, summed up in the words "advertising" and "display."

Continuing up town, past the Public Library pussy-cats and the most peopled cross-walk in the world, in the John Ward shoe shop, at 535 Fifth Avenue, we find again the particular kind of newness of which we are in search. This is perhaps the most talked-about show-window in New York, and deservedly so, for it is an entirely new variation on an endlessly repeated theme. The central feature of this design, a gigantic cylindrical show case with a semi-domical top, is an inspiration of the happiest, from the standpoints alike of beauty, utility and advertising value, and all of the details are admirable. The transition from the semi-dome to the flat store front has been achieved so successfully as to make even the knowing ones forget how difficult a transition of this sort is, particularly in such a recalcitrant material as glass. The simple and strong base course, the plain but rich show-window floors and backgrounds, the lighting, the lettering—all these are well conceived and carried out. The lunettes in the transom representing the shoe clerk at his devotions at milady's feet, and the parquetry rendering of a megopolis in the middle panel of the show-window backs are well enough in intention, but only in intention. The great merit of this shop front, like the other, is a certain "luminous" quality, due to the intelligent use of metal combined with variously treated glass.



Ewing Galloway

CHEZ NAT LEWIS

The windows are lined with broad plain surfaces of yellow wood with self-colored parquetry in geometric designs

At 683 Fifth Avenue, the newly completed shop front bearing the legend, "Dorothy Gray" commands our attention. It is done in the manner to which the word "Modernistic" has come to be attached, but the most conservative taste could not but concede the unity, beauty and appropriateness of its design. The bronze-work gives every evidence of the most loving and meticulous labor, and the flowering, so to speak, of the two major verticals into proud peacocks is an inspiration, so beautifully do they mitigate the harshness of the lintel line.

Continuing our peregrination, we are next arrested by the eminently Gallic shop front of Delettrez at 731 Fifth Avenue. One's first thought might be, here is a foolish waste of priceless show-window space, but the display of bottles of cosmetics is an entirely different matter from that of coats, hats and shoes, for lotions, lipstick and face powder require small containers, and a small show-window is the very thing to give them importance and "scale." This shop front is not, in all of its elements, altogether happy, but it possesses an individuality of its own, and in the detail of its gold and silver appliqué ornament there is a touch of finer art than in any of the shop fronts considered heretofore. It looks like what it is—and is not this, after all, the supreme word of praise?

Since the show-window solicitations to spending cease at the Plaza, we turn westward on Fifty-seventh Street to take a look and give a thought to what seems to me the most altogether satisfactory little new shop front in little old New York—*chez* Nat Lewis, as one learns from the altogether admirable sign above the entrance door. What could be simpler than this? Nothing. More beautiful? Many things perhaps, but for the moment one is at a loss to know exactly what these might be. It is as austere as Egypt, and as.

(Please Turn to Page 120)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The King!"

By T. R. YBARRA

ALL who have attended banquets in England know how Englishmen act when the toast to the King is proposed. The chairman gets up and says "The King!" Every man present leaps to his feet, raises his glass and touches it to his lips, from all over the hall come shouts of "The King! The King!"

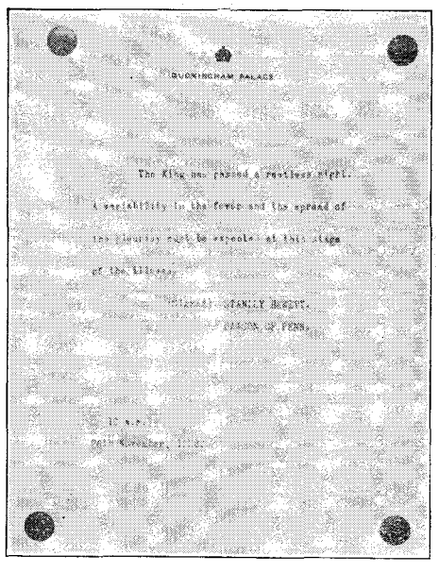
It lasts only a moment; it is done at every banquet held anywhere in the British Isles. Yet there is never anything perfunctory about it. Into his attitude as he stands and raises his glass, into his enunciation of those two short words, every Englishman puts an unmistakable something of affection and reverence, a ring of pride and loyalty, which cannot but strike even the most anti-monarchical of republicans with admiration.

It is the same at the close of every theatrical performance in Britain when the orchestra plays "God Save the King!" That, too, lasts only a moment; it comes when men and women are preparing to leave the theatre, when they are reaching for wraps and hats. Yet here also there is absolutely nothing that savors of the perfunctory. Every Englishman stands straight and stiff, like a soldier; every woman's face expresses genuine feeling; in the presence of such sincerity every foreigner of good taste must needs put into his own attitude at least the outward semblance of a similar homage to the monarch who is never absent from British thoughts.

The feeling which the British have for their sovereign was admirably shown during the days when King George V lay dangerously ill in Buckingham Palace. All day and until far into the night thousands of men, women and children stood outside the palace gates. Every bulletin was eagerly read as soon as it was posted; many in the crowd copied down every word in these bulletins in order to tell those at home exactly what the doctors said about King George's condition.

In the crowds were people of every class; nobles and prelates rubbed elbows with humble folk from the London slums; all had become equal in their solicitude for their king. And, exactly as at banquets when the sovereign's health is proposed, exactly as in theatres when "God Save the King!" is played, there was not a trace, among the thousands who stood in silent vigil outside the great gates of King George's residence, of idle curiosity or mere perfunctory desire to watch a "show." Every Englishman and Englishwoman in those crowds was there because he or she was genuinely worried. The feeling which brought those crowds there was the same feeling that underlies those joyous and robust toasts to "The King!"—the same feeling exactly, but shrouded in silence, as if the sick man's subjects stood in the royal sickroom.

Americans who have lived in England are aware of the English individual's attitude toward his King and


BUCKINGHAM PALACE

The King has passed a restless night.

A reliability in the fever and the spread of the disease can be expected at this stage of the illness.

FAMILY HISTORY.

One of the bulletins on the Palace gate

the other members of the British royal family. In his conversation about them, free though it may appear superficially, there is an invisible barrier which is never overstepped. And just as no British subject ever oversteps it, no foreigner with a regard for decency will seek to pass it.

He will let an Englishman tell anecdotes about his King and Queen, about the Prince of Wales and his brothers, which could scarcely be bettered for frankness; he will let him express semi-humorous opinions which, taken seriously, smack of *lèse-majesté*. But—if he be a foreigner of penetration—he will be constantly on his guard as to what comments he may himself contribute.

For the barrier is always there, no matter how intangibly—woe betide the alien who permits himself a remark about the British royal family of a sort which a Briton may consider as beyond the bounds of good taste. Unlike a native of Italy or of some other monarchy where men have fiery blood, there will be no theatricalism, no excited challenges to a duel. The Briton will simply give that foreigner a freezing look; maybe he will follow it up with a freezing retort. And everybody who knows the English knows that, in the whole length and breadth of this universe, there is not a nation capable of competing with them in the gentle art of freezing!

So the foreigner, if he be wise, will let the Briton do the talking about the British royal family. Also, if he be wise, he will, in the interests of international good-will, try to put something of a sincere ring into his voice when he responds to the toast "The King!" at his next banquet in England.

For there is something fine about the attitude of the English toward their King and his family. It has nothing servile about it, nothing insincere. Nor is it something merely impersonal. In the solicitude of King George's subjects, during the dark days of his illness, there was a great deal of genuinely personal concern. There was nobody in the crowds around Buckingham Palace whose reverence for the monarch was not blended with affection for a kind and conscientious individual. This feeling was excellently summed up, when King George lay critically ill, by a writer in the "Sphere."

"We are sick and tired of a decade of public worship of the Golden Calf," he wrote. "We are weary of the vulgarity and inanity of a Rag Press written by the abysmally ignorant and base for the abysmally silly and vain. . . . Today an accident has given a tongue to our subconscious thought. We are brought to our senses by a picture of a simple, honest, patriotic Englishman, courageously fighting with illness largely attributable to a stern performance of duty, who has kept the faith, kept the narrow path, kept silence, striven onwards, in an age of self-seeking, self-justification, self-indulgence. We at length estimate at its true value the example set from the throne."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Page of Verse

The Radio

Stop by and hear my radio some night.
My daughter's boy from Texas fotched hit in
When he come home to hunt, an' see his gran.
He 'lowed hit might be company for me,
Now that I'm crippled-up, an' cayn't ride out.
Hit is too. When you feel to hear the talk,
The mighty of the earth are at your door.
An' tunes, Gee Oh! they pleasure me the most,
Allus-ago I loved a sprightly tune.
Eh law! 'Twould shorely tickle Rob to see
Jinny an' me, till high up in the night,
Maneuvering the thing. Me that was used
To hit the bed quick as the sun-ball drapped.
I've quit too, craving fer Ole Death to come.
Let him keep on forgetting me a spell.

ANN COBB

Fords and Funeralizings

Granny's been riding in my car at last!
I knew she'd come to it, give her the rope.
And so I didn't pester her—just ran
The kids about to get her used to it.
Then, yesterday, I happened in and told
About the funeral-meeting up the creek
Some twenty miles, for Uncle Jimmy Stone.
Granny spoke up, "Well now, I hate hit bad
To miss that funeralizing. Uncle Jim
Lived neighbors to us thirty years ago.
So be old Nell weren't crippled up so bad,
I'd saddle her and go."
Said I, "folks say
'Twill be a pretty meeting. And they've got
A preacher in from old Virginny too.
I could drive over inside of two hours.
Last time I went was just before the War,
Reckon I might not know how to behave."
"Reckon ye would if ye sat side o' me,"
Granny spoke up right quick.
"I might," said I,
Sober as any judge. So we set out.

The road was good as any pike, in spots.
Scarletting timber beautified the hills,
And seemed like everything just eased us on.
We got there right among the very first,
And Granny had her favorite old log.

Nothing had changed itself in seven years.
Grave-houses, beech trees, and the old board sign
Waiting there, friendly. "God bless those sleeps here."
Away back yonder days when I would go,
I acted like the balance of the boys.
Hoss-swapping, courting, and such things as that.
Now I sat peaceable on Granny's log,
Not hearing much of what the preacher said,
Just sort of holding converse with my kin.
Strangers don't seem to sense the reason why
Old Reg'lars hold a funeral-meeting years after
Their folks have died. It's always seemed
A good ole way to me. Right at the first,
Grief presses down upon your soul so hard,
Comfort has nary cranny to creep in.
The healing years go by, and then, some day
You're proud to have the kinfolks of your love
Memorialized by some ole preacher-friend.
Leastwise that's how it's always seemed to me.

On the way home, Granny turned loose, and said,
"No call to creep along this pretty road
Like we were travelling behind old Nell.
Give that thar old machine of yours hits head."

ANN COBB

Dead Dog

We heard the orchard gravel clank
On pointed nose, on yellow flank,
Deep in a mound beyond the trees
That all the wide sky stops and sees.
Another spade; and the small face
That looked at nothing turned to space.
The spade again; and came the cry
Of this clear yellow that must die—
Or still be flashing, who can know,
Beneath the gravel and the snow.
Round he travels anyway,
And what we see not who can say?
Who can prophesy the last
Of things so bright that go so fast?

MARK VAN DOREN

Along the Pond Path

Is this a lake, a river or a bay?
There is not any one could surely say,
Who never walked this path before today.

Water that stretches to a misty wall,
A point with shadow spruces—that is all
And gray moss on gray rock where fog drops fall.

Yet over there I know that there is land,
Two mountains sweet with bay and balsam stand
Above the Bubbles, one on either hand.

They stand behind the white mist and I go
Along the pond road, blindfolded and slow
To things I cannot see but love and know.

MILDRED WHITNEY STILLMAN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"Shopworn Angel"

TO Nancy Carroll, who ranks next to Greta Garbo in the affectionate regard of this department, our congratulations on another fine performance. In "Shopworn Angel" she has one of the best stories, some of the best support and large quantities of the most expert direction we have been privileged to see in many months of movie going; and she responds in a way that leaves nothing to be desired.

"Shopworn Angel" is a really fine picture, even apart from the work of its principals. Richard Wallace, who directed it, has interwoven humor with pathos as well as we have ever seen this difficult feat performed and has at no time failed to get the maximum of each into the situations requiring them. O blessed sense of balance! O happy flair for values—how good to see thee cropping up!

We'll tell you some of the story of "Shopworn Angel," but we do so with no idea that we can convey the real excellence of the picture, which is one of those that must be seen in its completeness.

A man of wealth (Paul Lukas) is keeping a beautiful chorus girl (Nancy Carroll). The year is 1917 and the A. E. F. is steadily embarking for France. In a nearby cantonment an awkward private from Texas (Gary Cooper) awaits his country's pleasure and occasionally offers himself a spell of light diversion along the Rialto.

It is on one of these mildly exuberant junkets that he meets the Broadway cutie, quite by accident. He falls for her — she falls for him. Their acquaintance ripens to the extent that the protector of the young lady is brought perforce into the situation which he accepts with good-humored surprise. The soldier is told that the strange gentleman who seems to spend so much time around the apartment is "a sort of guardian." He has no idea that his lady friend is not morally on the up-and-up, and there is the rub. The girl can't bring herself to send him off to die, minus his treasured belief in her purity. She ends by marrying him and he starts for France without suspecting a thing. For the climax of the picture Mr. Wallace has used a short talking sequence the nature of which we won't divulge, except to say that it fits in well and doesn't slow up the action a bit.

We once said that we should like to see Gary Cooper in a good part in a good picture, and ventured to add the prediction that he would make some screen history. For confirmation of this, see Gary Cooper play Private William Tyler in "Shopworn Angel."

Paul Lukas, as the quizzical man of the world who could have ruined the young soldier's happiness, and doesn't, is downright inspired in his part. No better acting has ever been brought to a minor part.

And Nancy Carroll—well, go for yourself to see what she does for the present status of cinema art. You'll thank us for sending you.

"West of Zanzibar"

A TYPICAL Lon Chaney—Tod Browning production, but well above their recent average, "West of Zanzibar" presents some exciting moments, *outré* scenic effects and several colorful portrayals by Mr. Chaney, Lionel Barrymore, Warner Baxter and Mary Nolan.

It seemed to your observer that in this picture Tod Browning got away from a fault that has seriously marred his last few efforts on behalf of Lon Chaney. This fault lay in an apparent indecision as to just what everybody was supposed to do next. "West of Zanzibar" rattles right along about its business without developing string-halt or creeping paralysis in reel three; and the quality of suspense is thereby infused into it with beneficial results. We recommend it as Lon Chaney's most entertaining and legitimate characterization since "Tell It to the Marines."

"The River"

HELPLESS and miserable, Mary Duncan and Charles Farrell are dragged before the public gaze in "The River" to perform the most ineffably silly series of monkey tricks imaginable and with no excuse, as far as we can determine, except the presumable public demand for a "hot" picture.

No one cares less than we do about the morals of the screen. Those who might get hurt, say we, will be hurt anyway. But it galls us cruelly to see the grand old institution of love get such a mishandling as it receives throughout the length and breadth of "The River."

There shall our comment end, save for one positive statement: Frank Borzage ought to be ashamed of himself.

GARY COOPER AND NANCY CARROLL IN "SHOPWORN ANGEL"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From the Life

The Fable

By IBBY HALL

THERE is an old man in this country who, when he was a little boy, believed dutifully in Santa Claus. It was a fable easy to believe. At Christmas a little boy needed only to hang up his stocking, the emptiness of which would be a reproach to a kind old gentleman with a long white beard. The old gentleman took pleasure in driving through the icy air of winter, behind a team of wingless reindeer, for the purpose of filling empty stockings. If a little boy believed hard enough his stocking was sure to be filled.

This little boy in particular believed in Santa Claus with all his might. As years went on he found it hard to stop. In fact, the great world seemed divided between those human beings who continued to believe, and those who were willing to play Santa Claus. His belief became a hope and then a habit. He was not very successful in whatever work he attempted to do; he tired easily of both love and hate; and whatever friendships came his way slipped from his horizon in all too brief a time. But then, every day could not be Christmas. He had only to get through with three hundred and sixty-four days, or thereabouts, and the time would come when a fabulous old gentleman would fill his empty stocking.

Even the firmest belief can be shaken by continued disappointment. By the time the little boy had exhausted manhood and arrived at old age, the halo above the head of his favorite saint had become tarnished and a little crooked. At last there came a year when he—who had always believed in the kindness of a superior world—found himself poor, homeless and without a friend. He was nearly seventy years old. The winter was turning cold, and he had not enough to eat. Slowly and fearfully, his mind filled with a great doubt. Could it be possible that this year there wasn't to be any Christmas?

But the habit of a lifetime was still strong upon him. Ghosts of childish missives flocked about his head. "Dear Santa," "Please bring me—" "And don't forget—" When hope is uncertain and the outcome doubtful, one can always ask. So girding himself with the last ragged remnants of his faith, the old man set out to beg.

In begging, as in every other line of endeavor, he found himself not very successful. After all, his was the begging of expectancy and not of effort. On the street a rude world, bent on grabbing for itself, jostled and ignored him. Perhaps in discouragement the battered saint was keeping himself at home. Well, then, a needy beggar would do better ringing doorbells.

He must avoid the haughty homes of the rich, as well as the anxious houses of the poor. It was Christmas eve, and Santa Claus was likeliest to be found in one of those middle class and moderately prosperous homes that left its blinds up and answered its own door bells. On one of these he would gamble his faint, well-worn belief.

The old man picked his house and crossed the street. Bravely he climbed the steps and gave the bell a timid push.

A quick step followed the sound of the bell. A shrewd and appraising eye took in the figure of the old man, who waited on the steps and fumbled his cap. A cool shake of the head interrupted the eager request, and the half-opened door began to close itself firmly. The suppliant saw it closing, and at that threatened disaster, something burst inside his brain.

Now at last the plot was disclosed. Well, he would tell this world of grown-ups what he thought of them! In a voice high-pitched and quavering, shaken with wrath and bitterness, he hurled his reproaches and flung his ill-clad body upon the closing door.

BUT in this one great moment of his life he chose the wrong battlefield. For the owner of that home had known from infancy that there was no such thing as Santa Claus. Worse, he had dedicated his life to tracking the old gentleman down—to tearing off his whiskers and ripping open the red coat. For he was a detective. And he promptly made use of his position by arresting the outraged beggar and escorting him on Christmas eve, to jail.

The magistrate before whom the case was called, looked long and thoughtfully upon the prisoner. The charge preferred had been disorderly conduct. The old man looked harmless enough. It was not a serious offense. Nevertheless, he pronounced sentence carefully, and in his most judicial tone. "Four months," he said. Four months, the man should spend in prison.

And now there closed in front of the prisoner's eyes another door, the door of life itself. Once again, his brain exploded in the cataclysm of his world. Had he not always done as he was told? Had he not always believed as he was expected in the goodness of man? And for this obedience and faith what was his reward? He had been handed poverty and loneliness and despair. He had hung up his empty stocking, and life had filled it with emptiness. And for this he was to be sent to jail! The words that rushed to his lips were sharp and broken with anger. The detective and the magistrate, they were those who had deceived him!

THE magistrate waited patiently until the outburst was over. As he sat and listened, he had somewhat the air of a tired father bearing wisely with a fractious child. He himself had played the rôle of Santa Claus too often not to understand the situation in front of him. And when the grief and wrath of the old beggar had somewhat subsided, the magistrate leaned forward and spoke quietly.

"You are an old man," said the magistrate, "and you need to be taken care of. Who is to look after you if the city does not? The four months ahead will be cold and bitter on the streets, and am I to let you suffer by sending you back there? You may think the sentence hard but I am giving you a roof and warmth, clothing and good food to eat. When the Spring comes you will have freedom and a chance ahead of you for a happy summer. What else can I do but see that you are taken care of for these four months?"

The broken old man in front of him drew a gasping breath and passed a bewildered hand across his eyes. The angry tide of disappointment receded gradually from his breast. Could it be, after all these years, that he was justified? There had been a catclysm, but the world had suddenly righted itself.

He had always been a good boy and obedient, and he knew now the proper thing to say.

"Thank you," he said to Santa Claus.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

MOST PEOPLE remember the famous painting called "Sacred and Profane Love." The trick about the painting, as we remember it, is that the beholder who views the two female figures in it invariably finds it difficult to say which one represents sacred love and which one profane.

To judge from the criticisms of the Theatre Guild's latest offering—"Caprice" by Sil-Vara—the same difficulty obtains for the audiences of this Viennese comedy.

For us, however, "Caprice" affords at last an illustration of what we mean when we complain that Philip Barry is amusing but not yet grown-up. For here is a playwright who is distinctly amusing and yet decidedly mature, who understands the values and springs of human emotion so well that he can present people humorously, and yet never be guilty of confusion in his thinking. In fact, here is a dramatist able to play with emotional situations much as Bernard Shaw does with ideas.

More; it is the first time, so far as we know, that any playwright of comedy has appeared whose thinking is distinctly modern. Modern psychology has evidently become so much a part of Mr. Sil-Vara's thinking that he accepts it unconsciously, presents his characters from what might be called the standpoint of reality, and never considers it necessary to proselytize.

His story is simple. Into the lives of a middle-aged philandering lawyer in Vienna and his inamorata comes an echo from the past in the form of the lawyer's illegitimate son, age sixteen years. Being merely the result of an early indiscretion, the lawyer has hitherto sent money for the education of this accidental child of his, and has considered that his duty to society and himself ended there. Meanwhile, he has gone on to a mature emotional existence which has little to do with the conventions and very much to do with the reality of passion between himself and his mistress, a lady with whom he can neither live happily nor bear to have out of his sight—but whom he is at last determined to marry.

The introduction of the boy by his mother into this ménage brings up all the conventional ideas which the lawyer has forgotten for a good many years. Behold, he is a father, and here is his son! He certainly should experience a parental emotion, unquestionably the accepted relationship of father and son should be honestly established—in short, there is no question about the way in which the lawyer ought to feel.

And yet, he does not. Instead, he is astonished, nervous, somewhat on the defensive; and amazed to find that his son is not only inclined to pity him, but is distinctly an individual in his own right, and in particular is an idealistic poet with flashes of truth and insight, and on the way to being a distinct person, of a sort totally different from his father. Add to this the fact that Ilsa, the lawyer's mistress, asserts at once that the mother has merely brought the boy to Vienna in order to precipitate a situation which will result in the lawyer's marrying her, the mother—add this, and you have the basic situation of "Caprice."

And yet, this is only the mere framework, of course. For the lady in question is apparently able to fool herself into thinking that she is doing everything solely for her child. The Viennese lady, on the contrary, believes very decidedly in being honest with one's self and leaving other people free to live their own lives; while the boy himself is so fascinated by the Viennese lady that his father feels it necessary to disillusion him about his relations with Ilsa.

Such a situation of course neatly turns the tables on conventional morality and produces almost the exact effect upon the beholder that the picture "Sacred and Profane Love," does. Which is sacred? And which is profane?

It is a sure playwright who can clearly grasp the emotional content of such a situation and never make a misstep from beginning to end.

If one is looking for conventional moralities, one may be tremendously confused by the play. But if one is looking for art and supreme entertainment, "Caprice" fills the bill. It is by all odds the most intelligent and amusing comedy of the emotions we've seen in many years. Nor is it harmed by the magnificent acting of Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt, both of whom give almost flawless performances.

ALFRED LUNT AND LYNN FONTANNE IN "CAPRICE"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The World This Week

As the Year Began

RUM, Roosevelt, and Reparations seem to be the topics at the beginning of the year most forcefully inviting newspaper editors in this country to look to the future.

Of these, Rum, the liquor problem under prohibition, easily takes first place. One reason for this is that the Durant award to Major Mills for the best plan for making the Eighteenth Amendment effective was announced the day after Christmas, and the one to young Malcolm Almack for the best school student's plan was announced a few days later. Most of the newspaper comment, while recognizing that it was based on experience, regards the Mills plan as inadequate, out-of-date, and essentially futile. Of course those papers—and they are numerous—that consider prohibition a "humbug" and an "unholy policy" would regard any plan as futile. The argument appears in several quarters that as one source of liquor supply is dammed, another source will overflow. As long as demand continues, there will be supply. There is, for that reason, more praise for the boy's plan than for the man's; for while the former enforcement officer emphasizes suppression of the supply, the high-school youth emphasizes measures of education and the like to diminish the demand. Another reason for the prominence given to prohibition is the report of the Moderation League (bearing notable and respectable names) concerning the increase in arrests for drunkenness. This gives occasion for wet newspapers to chortle. But as to this, as well as to the announcement that the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment is to investigate the workings of prohibition, the retort of dry newspapers is to the effect that wets by searching will be sure to find only wetness. Still another reason is the decision of the Federal Court in Philadelphia that a purchaser of liquor was guilty of conspiracy to transport liquor illegally. Dry newspapers warn buyers of liquor to beware, while wet newspapers think that the decision is a rather intricate interpretation of the law and are doubtful if it will stand on appeal. Other reasons, such as the life sentences of a woman in Michigan as a fourth offender after conviction for selling a small quantity of liquor, the Hearst offer of $25,000 for the best proposal to repeal or amend the Eighteenth Amendment, and the joviality of holiday celebrations, are to be found for this place of prominence that liquor occupies as 1929 opens.

Roosevelt appears in this trio of topics because he succeeds as Governor the last Democratic Presidential candidate. We put his name in this list rather than Mr. Smith's not for the sake of invoking alliteration's artful aid, but because it is he and not his predecessor

Copyright, George Matthew Adams Service

In Danger of Drowning

that for the time being at least holds the future of his party in New York State in his hands. It is he who will succeed to the task of dealing with a legislature controlled by the opposing party. It is he who will now have to wrestle with such highly controversial questions as the control of water power. As he conforms to the policies of Governor Smith or digresses from them he will be judged. Governor Smith's most ardent journalistic supporter, the New York "World," smells in Governor Roosevelt's inaugural address the odor of heresy. Is he faithful to the Smith doctrine of government operation? Other newspapers see in Mr. Roosevelt the Smith spirit in perhaps suaver form. As for Governor Smith himself, the press refuses to picture him retiring from public life and evidently expects from him much further service, specifically in modernizing Tammany.

Reparations still to be paid by Germany can now, the daily press seems to think, be more hopefully estimated. There are several reasons for this view at this time. One is the optimistic report just made by S. Parker Gilbert Jr., Agent General for Reparations, and another is the progress evidently being made in providing for a commission of experts to clean up the reparations questions. The ease with which Germany has paid her installments so far and the prosperity which she enjoys in comparison with, for example, Great Britain is something that Germany does not like to have talked about. What one newspaper, the Philadelphia "Public Ledger," calls the "'can't pay' myth" has been so widely believed that the Gilbert report seems to strike most newspapers with something like surprise. Evidently public opinion is forming in this country in favor of cordial co-operation with Europe in settling this question. The newspaper press evidently expects Mr. Hoover to get the advice of Mr. Gilbert. There is no expectation that much progress can be made until after the Hoover Administration begins, and therefore Mr. Hoover—on this point there seems to be no dissent in the press—is entitled not only to receive but also to ask for any information Mr. Gilbert can give. The American experts will not be officially representative of the Government, but the Government must know who they are to be and what they will have to do.

Germany Can Pay

THE burden now laid upon Germany for war damages is not unreasonable in comparison with the burdens being borne by other nations in meeting the costs and debts due to the war, concludes S. Parker Gilbert, the American Agent General for Reparation Payments, in his annual report; and the German Republic has been able to meet the annuities without serious difficulty. The Dawes Plan has worked well, not only in providing payments for the Allies but in putting Germany on a stable basis of economic life.

The facts Mr. Gilbert has assembled will provide the basis for the work of the new committee of experts which is to start soon at the task of devising a final reparations plan, including a de-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

finite term for the completion of payments. Should it be desired to convert the war damage obligations of Germany from a political into a commercial debt, by the sale of bonds, Mr. Gilbert suggests that the German nation itself could subscribe generously to such a loan. The national debt is less than $2,000,000,000; the railroads are in excellent financial and physical shape; the gold reserve of the Reichsbank is at its highest level; and the German budget can be stabilized "without strain or trouble."

France naturally welcomed the report as evidence that Germany can continue to pay at the full rate required under the Dawes Plan. Great Britain received Mr. Gilbert's conclusions with some surprise and with a feeling that, if true, it shows that Englishmen have been bearing a disproportionate share of the costs of liquidating the war. Germany was amazed and remonstrant, arguing that Mr. Gilbert failed to take into account the fact of payment hitherto largely through loans and not through a surplus on exports as originally provided under the Dawes Plan. But the Foreign Office indicated confidence that all the facts could be considered by the new committee of experts, on which Germany will be strongly represented.

▸▸*Ship News*

A CUT-THROAT SHIPPING WAR between British and American interests may or may not be in the making as a result of the Cunard Line's invasion of the New York-Havana service and reprisals by the United States Shipping Board; but the recent controversy has served to call attention to the importance of the White merchant marine bill passed last May. Washington dispatches intimate that concern for its possible benefits to American shipping may have instigated the Cunard action, though the company's officials deny such a motive. Curiously enough, the White bill merely put into effect methods by which the Government of Great Britain has been subsidizing its lines since 1838.

It authorizes the Post Office Department to let profitable, long-term contracts for carrying the mail to American companies on condition that the lines agree to construct one vessel for each contract within three years. The two factors which make the contracts so novel and so desirable are the doubling of the rates and the ten-year period specified for their life. Previously there was neither profit nor certainty in handling Uncle Sam's mail.

Postmaster General New, according to reports to Congress, went to work with amazing swiftness in putting the measure's provisions into effect. Though the bill was signed only last May, by December he had let twenty-four contracts to companies with sailings to Cuba, Africa, Australia and the Mediterranean. These contracts mean the construction of twenty-four fast and modern vessels which, shipping men say, can be operated at a profit through the aid of the mail subsidy. It is expected that thirty such contracts will have been awarded within the next few months, and that new construction resulting from this program will total approximately $100,000,000.

Such a prospect obviously constitutes a threat to Great Britain's commercial supremacy. Whether the inauguration of a Cunard service between New York and Cuba was the beginning of an attempt to meet this is supposedly shrouded in mystery. But the Shipping Board retaliated by assigning the Roosevelt to the same run as a reinforcement to other American liners. Next came the Post Office Department's order that North Atlantic mail be diverted from Cunard to American ships. Though this order was subsequently modified with some soft words from Washington, Post Office officials had previously justified their action by citing the British Government's reputed discrimination in favor of Cunard ships in allocating America-bound mail.

All of which may make the American writer of letters and shipper of goods realize what a great part his stamp and freight charges play in the age-old struggle for supremacy on the seas.

▸▸*Confusion*

THE WORLD WAR, which made the United States both a lending and an exporting Nation, seems to have affected Democratic and Republican sentiment toward the tariff. Rarely has such confusion surrounded the treatment of this historic subject as now, and nobody professes to know what will come of the preliminary hearings that have begun at Washington.

Protectionists like Majority Leader Tilson and Chairman Hawley of the Ways and Means Committee protest that comprehensive and lofty increase of duties is not their purpose, although they appeared to contemplate far-reaching changes when they issued their first call for hearings. There is, however, an important group that insists the party is pledged to old-fashioned revision skyward. Speaker Longworth urges caution in tearing apart the rates of the much lauded Fordney-McCumber Act. The farm bloc wants no changes except in agricultural and allied schedules, but even these will necessitate sweeping shifts if the Farm Federation's list of 150 unsatisfactory rates is accepted as a working basis.

Meanwhile, such a spokesman for the industrial East as the "Journal of

Wide World

RAPID TRANSIT ON SAPELO ISLAND

President Coolidge with his host on Sapelo Island, Howard E. Coffin, returns from a hunting trip in an oxcart

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Commerce" warns that demands for a skyscraper tariff are pouring into the Ways and Means Committee. A note of alarm permeates its dispatches from Washington, which emphasize that excessively high rates may imperil American trade expansion and prevent debtor nations from making good their war-time obligations. Great financial and industrial interests, more sensitive to economic seismographs than politicians flushed with victory, fear they may lose rather than gain if architects of the proposed tariff follow the blueprints that were so serviceable in the days of the Spanish War.

The Democrats are also divided more than ever before, and to Al Smith is given the credit—some say discredit—for furnishing another apple of discord to chew upon. During the campaign he obtained written pledges for his program of protection from eighty-five per cent of the Democratic membership of Congress. Some were made in all sincerity, but others were obviously for campaign purposes. The effect, in any event, was to embarrass many minority members. There is plenty of dissension even among party leaders.

▸▸"Whither Mankind?"

Of all the distinguished addresses before the recent meeting of the Association for the Advancement of Science, we were most impressed by that of Dr. Alfred J. Lotka, supervisor of mathematical research for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. For Dr. Lotka took stock in particular of two significant trends, and from his inventory drew forth a challenging problem in the direction of modern life. The first and more basic of these is the vast accumulation of human knowledge. "Each of us," he said, "commands vicariously the genius of the Newtons, the Faradays, the Pasteurs that have gone before . . . . And modern large scale production has brought it about that a relatively few best minds are sufficient to keep the machinery of the modern community running, not only smoothly, but on the up grade. The trend is toward an ever increasing concentration of the world's significant tasks in the hands and minds of a few. Why then should we take thought to improve the proportion of best minds in our midst? For there are even now barely enough tasks for them to do . . . .

"There is here a social problem whose insistence is likely to become increasingly felt as the century grows older . . . . As to the outcome, we seem to see two roads diverging in a fork before us. Is the human race to become patterned after the model of the anthill or the beehive, with a large number of 'workers' of stunted mental growth, supporting and supported by a small aristocracy of best minds set aside for the creative function—creative, that is, in the spiritual sphere?"

There is another road, believes Dr. Lotka, which the world may be allowed to take, and here he examines the second, and perhaps more material trend of mankind: "Mass production, rightly conducted," he suggests, "should yield us a surplus of leisure. What is needed

Acme

NEW YORK'S NEW GOVERNOR

Franklin D. Roosevelt taking the oath of office as Governor of New York State

is a better investment of our collective leisure. To the best minds leisure is the golden opportunity for work. If privileges there must be in organized society, let leisure be the privilege of these. They may possess that fine sense of ultimate values that frets at trifling occupations and derives a deep intimate satisfaction from laboring at things worth while. It is here that the fundamental problem lies.

"The human mind is endowed with twofold faculties: skill for working out the means to certain ends and wisdom in the choice of the ends to be pursued . . . . Corresponding to the skyward, rocket-like ascent of the curve of human knowledge, there is nothing comparable in growth of human wisdom, that is, the choice of human ends, human purposes . . . . In the technique of elaborating schemes of human conduct we stand today essentially where science stood in the Middle Ages. We are stuck in the morass of authority worship."

▸▸An Impresario of Sport

As a supershowman, Tex Rickard, who died last week, was entitled, if any one was, to be called the Barnum of his times. In magnitude, measured in money, his enterprises were as daring for this age as Barnum's were for the Nineteenth Century. Like Barnum he was lavish in the rewards he offered to those whom he used as centers of attraction. Though best known as a promoter of prize-ring bouts, which under his management drew the dinner-jacketed as well as the sweatered, he developed professional sports of many kinds as huge spectacles and made them as a continuing series of shows the successors of the shows Barnum provided for an earlier generation. It is impossible, however, to believe that Rickard will live in history alongside Barnum, for he lacked that which has given Barnum his posthumous fame—an Olympian comic spirit.

▸▸Pomp in a Quaker?

It would be ironic if the inauguration of our first Quaker President should be made the occasion for the most elaborate ceremony since pre-war days. Yet that seems to be the purpose of civic, political and commercial groups in the National capital. Hospitality and housing committees are hard at work, invitations to the forty-eight States are being prepared and a large-scale demonstration is under consideration. There is talk of a parade that will include all the old-time splendor and pageantry, and possibly an inaugural ball.

All of this is contrary to Hoover's expressed wish for the simplest sort of thing. But beyond expression of a hope that the display will not be too grandiose and lavish, he has as yet taken no step to stop plans in the making. As usual, Washington is counting on acquiescence if not sympathy from the undemonstrative Hoover, and hopes to induce him to withhold an official frown. The merchants have already been cheered by

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reports that he sympathizes with their natural desire to surround the introduction of a President with all possible dignity and impressiveness.

Amidst all the stir and bustle only one killjoyish voice has been lifted. Representative Kvale, successor to the Honorable Andrew J. Volstead of vivid memory, has protested against any military show. In his opinion, participation of the soldiery in a Quaker President's inaugural parade would be most unfitting. It would be out of keeping with the spirit behind the Kellogg Peace Pact, says Mr. Kvale. But so far his is only a voice crying against the National capital's desire for its first inaugural party in sixteen years.

▸▸*But What of the Prisoners?*

FEAR OF THE COMPETITION of goods made by convicts with goods made by free labor has driven a bill through Congress. If this bill becomes law it will divest prison-made goods of their interstate character. If a State wishes to let the prison-made goods of another State come in it may do so. In some States some prison-made goods from outside are welcome; and these goods will still be free to move across State lines; but prison-made goods dumped on the open market tend to depress prices and wages, and consequently are not welcome at all. In two prisons in Kansas the wages paid to prisoners average four cents a day. Such a rate of pay—even when the cost of the maintenance of the prisoners is added—puts the free laborer competing in the same market at a great disadvantage. Without such a Federal law as the Hawes-Cooper Bill would provide the several States, having no authority over interstate commerce, cannot protect their own free labor.

Excepted from the bill by the Senate are agricultural products of prison labor. Also outside of the scope are all prison-made goods for sale within the State in which they are made.

This measure thus raises the question again of prison industry. To keep prisoners in idleness is harmful alike to convict and to society. If prisoners were paid adequate wages, approximately commensurate with the value of their work, part of the difficulty would be solved. Prison labor is notoriously inefficient; higher wages would tend to make it more efficient and provide somewhat for prisoners' dependents, at the same time reducing unfair competition.

Judging the Future by the Past

One Hundred Years Ago This Week

THE TREMENDOUS DEVELOPMENT that has been made in means of transportation was forcibly impressed upon us by the following article from the "Spectator" of January 9, 1829, entitled "The Last of the Boatmen."

"The only vessels associated with my early recollections were the canoes of the Indians—The flat boat of Kentucky, destined only to float with the current, next appeared; and after many years of interval, the Keel boat of the Ohio, and the Barge of the Mississippi were introduced for the convenience of the infant commerce of the West.

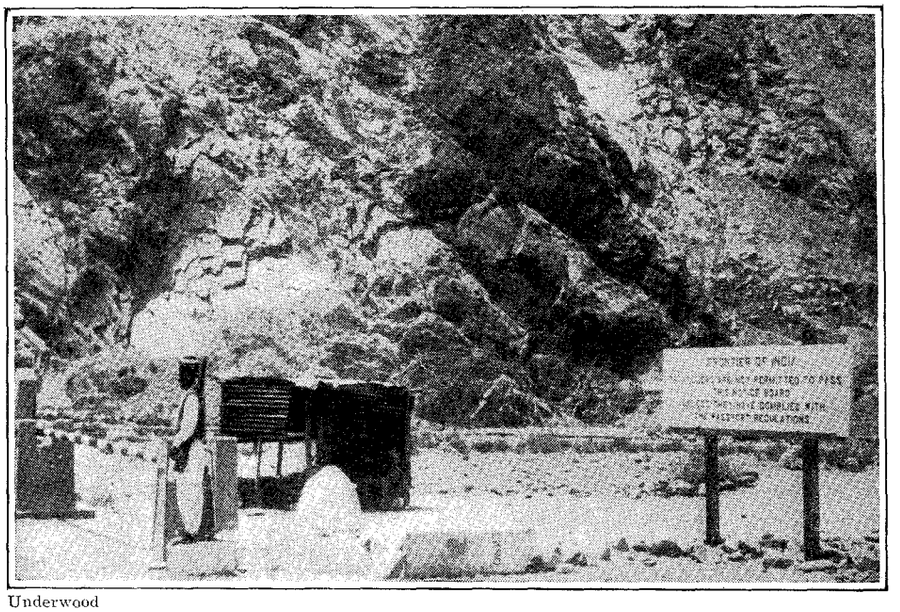
"At the period at which I have dated my trip to Cincinnati, the steam boat had made but a few voyages back to Pittsburgh. We were generally skeptics as to its practicability. The mind was not prepared for the change that was about to take place in the West. It is now consummated . . . . The steam engine in five years has enabled us to anticipate a stage of things, which, in the ordinary course of events, it would have required a century to have produced."

THE FOLLOWING ITEM from the "Spectator" of January 9, 1829 didn't surprise us much:

"A short time since a case was reported by the Cincinnati 'Chronicle,' which shows, that a breach of the marriage promise is held in detestation among Indians. A young Indian failed in his attentions to a young and beautiful squaw. She made complaint to an old chief, who appointed a hearing or trial. The lady laid the case before the judge, and explained the nature of the promise made to her. It consisted of sundry visits to her father's wigwam, 'many little undefined attentions,' and presents of a bunch of feathers, and several yards of flannel. This was the charge. In defence, the faithless swain denied the 'undefinable attentions' in toto. He had visited her father's wigwam for the purpose of passing away time, when it was not convenient to hunt; and had given feathers and flannel from friendly motives, and nothing further. During the latter part of the defence the young squaw fainted. The plea was considered invalid, and the offender sentenced to repair the wrong, by giving the lady 'another piece of flannel, a broach that was then dangling from his nose, and a dozen coon skins.'

"The sentence was no sooner concluded, than the squaw sprang upon her feet, and clapping her hands cried out for joy, 'Now me ready to be courted again.'"

You see what we mean.



Underwood

UNDER GREAT BRITAIN'S WATCHFUL EYE

The frontier dividing Afghanistan and India, where too adventurous British subjects are restrained from seeking excitement in the latest revolution

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bootlegger's Patron

BOOTLEGGING is an offense against the law; but buying from a bootlegger is not listed as a crime. Nevertheless, a New York broker by the name of Norris has been subjected to a fine of $200 because he ordered on several occasions whiskey delivered to his apartment. The fine was not for buying liquor but for conspiring with the bootlegger (named Kerper) to transport liquor.

To the ordinary layman this may seem a fine legal point; but as the judge pointed out, it is perfectly possible for one to purchase liquor without taking part in any plan to transport it.

There seems still to be some question whether the purchaser of liquor can be held legally responsible for the act of selling. This decision does not settle that question. In this respect the decision in the Norris case seems to have been subject to misunderstanding. Judge Kirkpatrick in the Federal Court at Philadelphia, who rendered the opinion in this case, did not say, as he has been reported to say, that the purchaser could not be convicted. What he did say was this: "We will assume, without deciding, that where there is nothing in the case but a simple sale, the purchaser cannot be convicted of conspiring with the seller to make the sale . . . ." The point was that even on this assumption, Norris was guilty of violation of the law because by repeated orders he conspired with Kerper to have liquor transported.

Science Unravels

NEW EVIDENCE tending strongly to confirm the rather recent suspicion—suspicion is rather a conservative term—that matter consists of waves *and* particles instead of merely particles as has long been believed, has been brought before science by a Scottish physicist Professor George P. Thomson of the University of Aberdeen, son of the famous Sir J. J. Thomson. Professor Thomson performed one of those simple experiments which have so many times become famous because of their great significance. He directed a steady narrow stream of electrons at a very thin film of metal. Gold foil was chosen because of its thinness since weak electrons could penetrate it. He reasoned thus: if the new hypothesis that all electrons are dual in nature, consisting of both particles and waves of some kind accompanying them is true, then according to known laws of physics the particles of the electrons should strike the molecules of the metal and in glancing off from them at various angles should take the form of a cone or divergent bundle; while the wave parts should all be bent at precise, definite angles.

To record the experiment Professor Thomson placed an ordinary photographic plate one foot behind the gold film. What he got after bombarding this film of metal was a remarkable demonstration, one which has already been accepted as a strong confirmation of the new dual theory of the nature of matter. The plate showed a sharp central spot due to the particles and a series of concentric rings due to the waves which are thought to be of the nature of light waves though vibrating at a far higher rate and "tied," as it were, to their electrons. The discovery, though several months old, is arousing more and more interest among scientists. The exact nature of the supposed linkage between the particles and waves remains a baffling mystery.

Remarkable Remarks

Wickedness is often greater news than righteousness. — HERBERT HOOVER.

Everybody knows the United States will never use its navy for a war of aggression. — SENATOR HARRIS.

Patriotism is only another name for selfishness.—DANIEL FROHMAN.

There is more of the real religion of Jesus taught in the synagogues today than in all the Christian Churches put together.—REV. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

There is no New York Society. It is simply a conglomeration.—MRS. FRANK A. VANDERLIP.

I think that a thousand Babbits to one Mencken or Shaw is about the right proportion.—PROFESSOR P. O. SOROKIN.

Every step that education in this country in the present generation has made has been a misstep.—DR. JOSEPH COLLINS.

No law which has to do with human thought or speech or conduct can by any possibility be enforced.—DR. NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER.

A California boy suggested education, but it's the educated that are doing all the drinking. Yours for bigger prizes and better suggestions. —WILL ROGERS.

Golf in the Stadium

HARVARD'S GOLF TEAM CANDIDATES are to practice this winter on two carefully prepared greens in the Stadium, something of a novelty, and probably a good one. The college golfer is generally a master of screamers from the tee, which is, of course, one of the most satisfying strokes in golf, but unfortunately not at all decisive. The theory at Harvard is to make the players not only masters of the putter but of the mashie as well, that club that has been such a boon to the professionals and such a trial to the amateurs.

The Crimson candidates will do their work under the watchful eye of Francis Ouimet, to those steadying influence and adept coaching so many of our ranking golfers owe so much. Under his direction the short game should flourish in the Stadium. It has always been surprising that provisions for the development of mashie play have been so few. In front of most club houses there are putting greens and putting greens only. In a few cases there are available a few traps over which the pitched approach, and out of which the "explosion" shot may be indulged in; but as a rule these near-by affairs are given over solely to putting. At Pinehurst, who among us frequenting that "golfer's madhouse" can ever forget the salutary influence of an afternoon spent on "Idiot Hill?" There lies an eminence set aside for the use of the devotee who would improve his iron play—all irons. An hour or two spent there with a sack of balls and a bag of irons, from the No. 1 down, cannot fail to improve the play of the worst duffer.

Speaking of Ruins

NEWS DISPATCHES say that Howard E. Coffin, since he became the owner of Sapelo Island on which President and Mrs. Coolidge spent their brief winter vacation, has been at great pains to restore and preserve the ruins upon it. But one ruin is there which he can neither preserve nor restore—unless he is wiser than the wise men of science.

This one is the ruin of the Sea Island cotton industry. It was upon the coast-skirting chain of islands of which Sapelo is one that cotton culture

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reached its highest development. The fiber of the Sea Island cotton was extremely long. Only one other grade of cotton in the world, that called Egyptian, though there are many other Egyptian cottons, even weakly rivaled it. Fabrics woven from it had superior tensile strength and wearing quality. Cloth with even a mixture of Sea Island was eagerly sought, though the price was high.

Then came the automobile with its cord tires and, in a few years, Sea Island disappeared from clothing fabrics. The strength of its long fiber made possible the great mileage guarantee of the tire manufacturers.

At about that same time, there crossed the Rio Grande from Mexico the cotton boll weevil. It spread, through a series of years, eastward and northward, devastating the cotton field as it went. When at last the pest reached the Sea Islands it worked, for the first time, complete destruction. Sea Island cotton required a long season of slow growth to attain its magnificent maturity. The weevils had their supreme opportunity. Within two or three years after they reached the islands, Sea Island ceased to be quoted on the cotton markets of the world. From that day to this, agricultural scientists have been trying desperately to develop a long-staple cotton to take the place of Sea Island. They have made progress, but the old staple is still seriously missed.

If Mr. Coffin can find, preserve and restore that ruin, he will have rendered a service of great practical benefit and not without its sentimental appeal.

▸▸*Peace in the Americas*

THE turn of the year has brought a new set of relations into force between South and North America, and between some of the nations of South America, which is full of promise for the future.

In the first place, at Washington the International Conference of American States on Conciliation and Arbitration has approved a general treaty of inter-American arbitration and a general convention on inter-American conciliation. The first refers to disputes subject to settlement by principles of law; the second covers all disputes requiring more general treatment by diplomacy and mediation between the two parties without recourse to a tribunal or to other arbitrary authority. Together they constitute an experiment in the maintenance of international peace, broader in principle and purpose than any other now being made in the world. The United States, Brazil, Cuba, Haiti, Nicaragua, Panama, and Peru, have announced their readiness to sign the arbitration treaty without reservations. The majority of the other nations represented are indicating an intention to attach safeguarding reservations to their signatures. But the unanimous adoption of the two agreements completes the work begun last year at the Pan-American Congress in Havana.

At the same time, Bolivia and Paraguay agreed to a protocol of arbitration concerning the century-old boundary dispute between them which lately led nearly to war. A commission of investigation is to inquire into the circumstances of the recent outbreak of hostilities in the contested area along the frontiers of the two countries, and to endeavor to achieve an amicable settlement.

Recently Brazil and Bolivia concluded a treaty on boundaries and rail communications, definitely fixing a frontier in places left uncertain in their treaties of 1867 and 1903 and assuring Bolivia of a shorter rail and water route to the Atlantic than she has had.

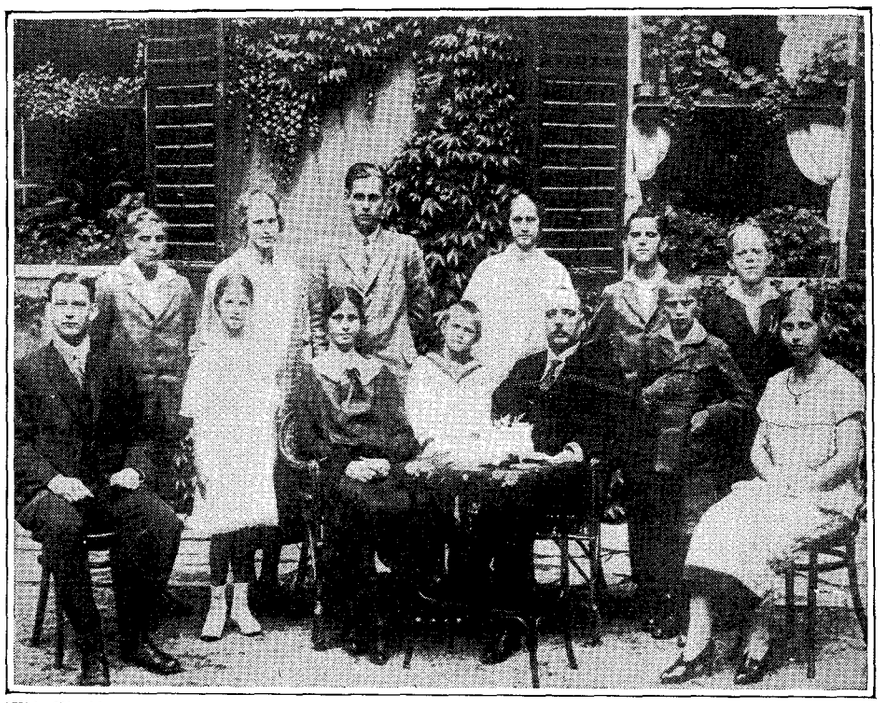
Futher to the south, Peru and Chile are reported to be approaching an adjustment of their long-standing disagreement over the Tacna-Arica territory secured by Chile after a war nearly fifty years ago. Renewal of diplomatic relations between them has provided the basis for a solution of the difficulty. And in Nicaragua, General José Maria Moncada has been installed as President under circumstances that seem to hold out hopes of continued peace in that troubled Central American republic.

Altogether, the new year has begun with good omens for the Americas.

▸▸*"Dry Mexico"*

THE new President of Mexico, Sr. Portes Gil, has announced two policies of particular interest to the United States. The first is to the effect that in the future the Mexican Government will not confiscate any legitimately acquired private property and that compensation will be made for all property expropriated for public purposes. The second is that, as regards the liquor traffic, he is a dry and that he proposes to put into effect moderate measures of prohibition, without attempting such legislation as prevails in the United States.

Both native and foreign property owners in Mexico, says the influential "Excelsior," must be reassured by the President's declaration concerning

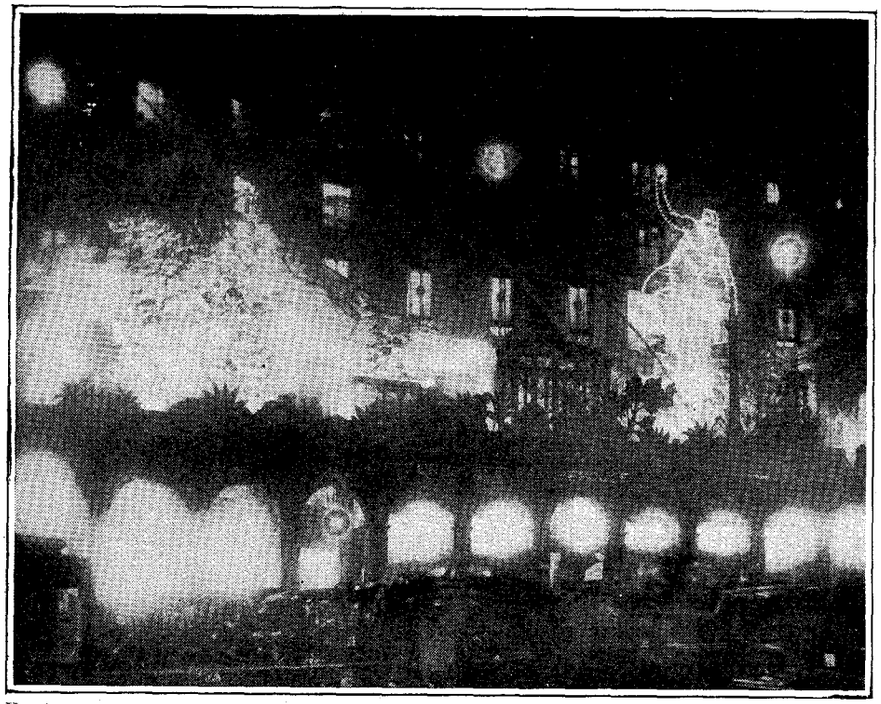


Wide World

THE FIRST FAMILY OF AUSTRIA

Wilhelm Miklas, recently elected President of the Austrian Republic, with his wife and eleven children

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Keystone

SOMETHING NEW IN SIGNS

Shoppers in Paris are attracted by the huge electric sign showing Hercules overcoming the Hydra on the Grand Magazin du Louvre, one of the large department stores

seizure of land; and the result ought to be a beneficial effect upon development of agriculture and stock-raising in Mexico, which have been retarded by uncertainty about the final government policy as to nationalization of the land. The editor welcomes the President's words as placing Mexico's agrarian policy on a working basis.

"An energetic direct campaign against drink will be undertaken wherever possible," said Sr. Portes Gil. Any saloon closed in the Federal district is to be closed permanently, and no new licenses are to be granted.

▸▸*Working on the Railroads*

FOR SOME FIFTEEN YEARS the Interstate Commerce Commission has been working on the railroads, not, exactly, to pass the time away, but to ascertain how much the railroads are worth. It all started back in 1913 when the late Senator La Follette of Wisconsin decided that a fair proportion of all railroad capitalizations were represented by watered stocks and convinced his colleagues in the Senate that something ought to be done about it. It was. The Railway Valuation Act was passed, and the Interstate Commerce Commission began its tedious task of determining how much the railroads were worth.

As it turned out, Senator La Follette was wrong about the watered stock. Surprisingly little of it was found, and as the investigation proceeded the commissioners ceased drilling for water and turned their attention to finding a basis for evaluating the railroads.

It is this question of valuation which brought to the Supreme Court on January 2 one of the most important cases in its history. To go back a bit, Congress passed the Transportation Act in 1920, providing among other things, that if any railroad earned more than six per cent in any single year upon its fixed valuation, one half of the excess profits could be recaptured by the Government and utilized as loans to roads with weaker credit. But the Transportation Act fixed no basis of valuation and it is upon this point that the St. Louis and O'Fallon Railroad has carried a suit to the Supreme Court to restrain the Government from taking $226,880.55 which represents, upon the Commission's valuation, one half of the carrier's earnings above six per cent for the years 1920-1923 inclusive.

The Commission has declared that the value of a railroad must be based upon a reasonable estimate of the investment in the property. But the St. Louis and O'Fallon, which represents the point of view of all the carriers, contends that valuation should be defined as current worth—that is, the price which the road might bring from a willing buyer.

The St. Louis and O'Fallon line is only nine miles long. "Nevertheless," states the Commission, "what we do in this case we must in principle do for all the railroads in the United States." In other words, this case which will be argued before the Supreme Court for the next few weeks is one of the most important with which that judicial body has ever been confronted. Although there is a difference of only about $350,000 between the Commission's valuation and the figure established by the carrier itself, this same difference, applied to all the railroads in the Nation, amounts to nearly $10,000,000,000.

▸▸*Fair Return*

FOR THE PRESENT, however, few of the railroads need worry about the decision in the St. Louis and O'Fallon Case for most of them have failed to earn the "fair return" of 5¾ per cent fixed by the Interstate Commerce Commission. Preliminary reports for 1928, according to R. H. Aishton, president of the American Railway Association, indicate that the net railway operating income for the year was $1,180,000,000, or a return of 4.65 per cent on the property investment. In 1927 the return was 4.28 per cent.

Although the railroads are seeking by increased economies to reduce costs, inroads of the motor truck and passenger bus are steadily increasing. Passenger traffic in 1928 was less than for any year within the last twenty.

▸▸*Cricket on the Hearth*

FROM TIME TO TIME professional baseball's winter leaguers who deal in rumors more or less—generally less—authentic, announce that Babe Ruth will take up the game of cricket in order to increase his fame as a batsman. This is always good for a midwinter laugh from devotees of the English game. There is a suspicion that baseball's mightiest hitter would find his style considerably cramped, and that he would be extremely unlikely to take any laurels away from the famous Hobbs, or the now equally famous Hammond, who are putting the centuries together on Australian creases. Even if he could avoid knocking off the bails, or being put out "leg before," owing to the vastly different and rather cramped stance, there is some doubt of his avidity for a time at bat that lasted something like four hours. Such a day's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

work is rather beyond the ken of the highly paid and somewhat pampered professional baseball player. Even the possibility of making something like 150 runs not out, in an afternoon's session, to be rewarded only by the cry of "Oh, well played," or "Played sir," could hardly be considered a sufficient lure. It seems highly probable that if the Babe is to retain his reputation as a slugger he will be satisfied with "cricket on the hearth."

Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

IT SEEMS a shame that the fine friendships formed by Herbert Hoover during the eight-year "drive" to make him President must be touched with this wretched business of picking a Cabinet. Whither he turns he comes upon a face staring at him with such a wistfulness and woebegoneness that he cannot endure it. So he muzzles his tongue and his emotions and runs off to Florida, leaving behind blunt notice that he seeks solitude. We who watch and write, however, are troubled by no such qualms, and all of us are engaged in selecting a Cabinet for him—much to his embarrassment, we understand.

But what a task it is! We thought we had Andrew W. Mellon safely planted in the Treasury post a few weeks ago, but now come disquieting reports. We suspect that Hoover does not really want Andy in his official household, but we realize well—and so does Hoover—that Mellon is a sure-fire dollar sign of prosperity. He represents the link missing in many other notable respects, between Coolidge and Hoover. We have stumbled across many evidences that the big financial interests are exerting influence on behalf of the best buddy they have had here since Mark Hanna. They want the saintly and unselfish septuagenarian to stay around Washington for the next few years, when the Dawes Plan, debt-funding agreements, the Fordney-McCumber tariff and several other pet magna chartas may be up for revision. But if we know the next President, he would prefer that his views and theories dominate in these little things, and it was not so long ago that he and Andy were at each other's throats on the question of foreign debts. Mellon brings to the treatment of these problems the viewpoint of the international banker and promoter, while Hoover looks at them with the eyes of an engineer and producer. To Mellon a dollar is the *deus ex machina,* while to Hoover it merely makes more important wheels go round. The two are poles apart, as the secret history of Coolidge's Cabinet meetings will some day disclose. So maybe Andy isn't as set as we thought he was.

We hear, too, that the bushmen in the Senate are after Mellon's head. Senator Couzens' friends, certain Democrats and Progressives may try to gang him if his name is sent up for confirmation. They do not really expect to force rejection—horrible and heretical thought—but they can make it hot for Herb and Andy. So hot that some of Hoover's friends, including the pious Fess of Ohio, are looking up the law to see if Mellon can be carried on the pay roll without further confirmation. But we have deeper faith in the nobility of Mellon and Hoover than Fess, who once admitted he would tell a white lie if he thought it expedient. We are convinced that, if events disclose the existence of real rebellion on Capitol Hill, Mellon will beg Hoover not to thrust both their heads into a den of roaring Senators. We know Hoover would appreciate such a show of unselfishness.

There is a lot of magnanimity around the Treasury these days—almost as much as when they negotiated the debt-funding agreements. Though Under Secretary Ogden L. Mills would sacrifice his Harvard accent to be Secretary of the Treasury, thus proving to himself and his friends that he made no mistake in choosing politics as a career, he is Andy's biggest booster. He is telling all and sundry that Hoover really ought to let Mellon linger a while. We discern as much enlightenment as unselfishness in Ogden's pushing and shoving of his venerable boss, for if Mellon is kept on for a year or so, it would be only natural for him to groom his young assistant as his successor. But we get word that Hoover does not think Mills big enough to be Secretary of the Treasury. What, we wonder, does Hoover expect in the way of a Cabinet member for $10,000 a year!

"Wild Bill" Donovan, Mills's rival from New York, is also headed for disappointment, we imagine. He expects to be Attorney-General, and why not? He has been the real boss since John Garibaldi Sargent, yellow shoes, unshorn locks and carpet bag, was dragged from his chair around the pot-bellied stove at Ludlow, Vermont, to make the Department of Justice honest, if naught else. And Bill was a great pal to Herbert during the campaign.

But the head hunters in the Senate hate Donovan even more than Mellon. Friends of Burt Wheeler of Montana have never forgiven Bill for his prosecution of the Western Senator. They still regard it as an "official frame-up" conceived in departmental resentment at Wheeler's success in driving Harry Daugherty from the Cabinet. We learn also that the Klan and militant drys have warned Hoover they will not stand for Donovan in the Cabinet. They are against him because he is a wet, though personally dry, and a Roman Catholic.

There is much talk of Sally Hert of Kentucky for Secretary of the Interior. It would be a gracious act to reward his feminine supporters if Hoover were to put a woman in his Cabinet, suggest Sally's friends. That department has charge of Federal educational activities, they say, and a woman is fitted to direct them. It is quite amusing, but nothing more. Because that Department also controls the naval oil reserves, and, as Messrs. Sinclair and Doheny taught us at a staggering price for the lesson, it needs a two-fisted guy for boss. Sally is a dainty and charming hostess, who gives numerous flossy teas for men and women of the Washington press corps, but as a serious candidate for Secretary of the Interior—half a lump of sugar and lemon, my dear.

A. F. C.

Reid in the Muncie Press

Opinions Vary

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Editorial

Science and Religion

THIS has been called an irreligious age. And yet of all the addresses at the recent great meeting in New York of the American Association for the Advancement of Science the one that commanded the widest public attention and stirred most comment was an address on religion.

It was not a scientist who caused this intellectual uproar but—the distinction is valid—an historical sociologist, a professor at Smith College, Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes. If a notion of God is needed, he said, "it is of little value to inculcate a view of God so hopelessly out of date as that which was slowly and painfully evolved by the semi-barbarous Hebrew peoples in the days when a rudimentary type of geocentric and anthropomorphic outlook reigned supreme and unchallenged. . . . Christian solemnity must be replaced by the frank joy of life. . . . Sin is scientifically indefinable and unknowable. . . . The psychoanalysts have already shown that the 'sense of sin' is but a psychophysical attribute of adolescent sentimental development."

In spite of himself, Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes is a theologian. Religion is no more theology than the stars are astronomy, or flowers are botany, or people are anthropology and sociology. What the Hebrew people and their literature were concerned with was not any religious conception but religious life. What Dr. Barnes wants are new religious conceptions.

One man sees a bird and he writes a book on ornithology. Another man sees a bird and he writes "Hark, hark, the lark at heaven's gate sings." The Dr. Barnes type of man may prove that there can be no gate of heaven; but the lark of the poet still sings at heaven's gate for every one who has ears to hear it. What Dr. Barnes and others even more experienced than he take to be religious conceptions based on an antique idea of the universe are poetic images employed to express or suggest experiences that in other days or by other people might be expressed or suggested by other poetic images. At one period the Hebrew people were a pastoral people. What more natural than that a poet should write "The Lord is my Shepherd" or "The range of the mountains is his pasture," or (accustomed as herdsmen are to watch the sky) "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Cimah (the Pleiades), or loose the bands of Cesil (Orion)?"

Dr. Barnes is right, of course, in saying that our religious conceptions should accord with our knowledge. Theologians have taken poetic expressions of experience and built them into dogmas and creeds and rituals and even codes of conduct. And when they do that it is wholesome for some one to come along with a geologist's hammer and smash off the crust of theology, for only then will the experience of life beneath the crust be revealed. Concepts grow out of life, not life out of concepts. Music comes first, then the harmonic and contrapuntal theories of music. When rules of harmony and counterpoint dominate, the art of music languishes. It is well then to have musical iconoclasts arrive to knock off the shackles. But the old music out of which those rules were formed is still beautiful and valid; it is still music.

The true scientist does not confuse the definition with the thing defined. He does not deny beauty because science has never defined it. Nor does he confuse definition with knowledge. He may say that beauty is scientifically indefinable, but he does not say that it is therefore unknowable. If he did he would deny life itself. Darwin recognized the distinction when he wrote:

"My mind seems to have become a kind of machine for grinding general laws out of large collections of facts . . . . If I had to live my life again, I would have made a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once every week; for perhaps the parts of my brain now atrophied would thus have been kept active through use. The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably to the moral character, by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature."

Science can serve experience by pointing out the blind alleys of life. It can save, and has saved, men from fear by helping them to distinguish between religion and superstition. It can release, and has released, men from narrowness and bigotry by destroying religious conceptions that have trammeled their minds. Though science cannot be a substitute for religion it can be a corrective of religious misconceptions, and create a more challenging conception in their place.

Religion is not primarily a conception of life; it is rather a way of living. It sets a goal and it supplies power. Expressed in another way, it is a relationship of life to something or someone outside itself. That is why Jesus spoke of God as Father—not as a religious conception but as a relationship. Jesus was an iconoclast—as iconoclastic as science. He would do away with everything that interfered with that life, that relationship. Hate your father and mother, sell all that you have, have no care for the morrow, let the dead bury their dead—no expression was too strong for his purpose. He was not a theologian; he was only incidentally a teacher. He was first of all a leader. The gist of all he said was, "Come adventure with me." So far as the churches fall short it is in the lack of Jesus's spirit of abandon. They offer entertainment when they might better offer the challenge "Come, we want your best." There is many a man outside any church, indifferent to every creed, who is giving of his best to something bigger than himself in which he has faith—it may be to a boys' club or some public service—who would laugh if you called him religious. That is because the churches have so largely confused religion with theology or with some code. Theologies change; codes change; but the essence of religion, which is a kind of life, remains the same.

Whether a scientific gathering is the place for a theological discussion we leave to the scientists to decide. Dr. Osborn, the retiring President of the A.A.A.S. thinks it is not. Others think it is. More and more it is becoming difficult to create intellectual compartments—to wall off science from philosophy or either from conceptions of religion. It is no longer as easy as it was to hold one set of ideas for six days of the week, and another set for the seventh. Confused as he seems to have been in some of his thoughts, we are glad that Dr. Barnes spoke out.

The Editors—

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"—If You Know What I Mean"

By WALTON MORTON

THE reader of daily papers is bound eventually, it seems to me, to wonder at the gravity and deference accorded by the country at large to the would-be celebrities who are forever attempting idiotic and perilous "stunts." Personally, I have no objection to the fellow who plans to swim from Miami to Havana: let him try it, say I; let him drown, or be gobbled by sharks, or let him even get there. To any who propose the descent of the Grand Canyon in an Old Town canoe, I offer my best wishes. Barrel-addicts who look longingly at Niagara Falls bother me not at all. Ocean hoppers, steeple-jacks, and single-handed circumnavigators of the globe—to such I bid a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

What does puzzle me, however, is the turmoil consequent whenever one of these enterprisers comes to grief. Airplanes, Marines, destroyers and cruisers are rushed to the rescue. Hourly bulletins ingenuously tell us that unless the missing hero turns up pretty soon, by gosh, grave fears for his safety will be entertained. And after a few days, much like the old Swedish dialect anecdote, "Something-must-have-happened-to-Ole," various authorities announce that the poor fellow must indeed have met with some mishap. Meanwhile, at great trouble and expense, the combers and scourers and scanners carry on, and King George and Mr. Hoover are moved over to Page 8.

All this, I submit, makes very tiresome reading after about the fortieth "ill-fated attempt" to do this or that has flivvered. Most certainly the erstwhile manicurists and garage mechanics will continue their course to Hollywood via the dicing-with-death route. But I should like to see suspended over every news editor's desk a large copy of Ralph Barton's drawing of the man who leaped from the top of a thirty story building for the sake of the publicity.

Publicity, at that, is a strange racket. The New York hotel where Arnold Rothstein is supposed to have been shot is reported as doing a capacity business ever since the murder, as compared with an indifferent business before the shooting. The same old Daddy Browning crashed into type this Christmas by giving away $100,000—so he said—worth of gew-gaws to the public, thereby causing several children to be seriously injured in a jam that blocked traffic and brought out 150 cops.

THE day after Daddy Browning's party, a publicity "expert" announced in the Boston Sunday "Herald" that Mr. Hoover's South American trip was a flop because King George, by falling ill, had, so to speak, "stolen the show" and copped the Hoover front-page space. Clarence Terhune, the Zep stowaway, is out on big-time vaudeville. Every big news service carried last summer the story of the two sisters, heiresses to $3,000,000, who were found starving in a garret because the estate was in litigation. These two, as "Variety" subsequently reported in a puff to the press agent, went to work ultimately in Texas Guinan's night club. When Dartmouth played Northwestern last fall, the Associated Press appeared with an elaborate yarn to the effect that Al Marsters would carry beneath his jersey a talisman in the shape of a playing card—the deuce of diamonds, I believe it was—that Harry Houdini had always toted as a lucky piece. W. C. Durant gives away $25,000 for an anti-stagger remedy and is safely settled on every front page in the country—"head of Durant Motors." Scarcely a small-town newspaper in the country has failed at one time or another to fall for the hoary gag of the two adventurers who are "hiking around the world on a $100,000 wager." This story always ends, naïvely enough, with these words: "An interesting feature of the wager is the stipulation that Mr. and Mrs. Jones must earn their way be selling post-cards en route." Every week some hitherto nameless person is widely touted for having made a will bequeathing $1,000,000 to a home for Aged Circus Animals or some such cause. And to get away with this last, strange to say, it makes not the slightest difference whether or not you have the million; you don't even have to die. Another sure thing is an occasional announcement by any obscure pseudo-scientist that the world is over 200,000,000 years old or that in another hundred years the average span of the human life will be 96½ years. Any advertising man will tell you—with mingled envy and admiration—that the Lucky Strike and Listerine advertising is effective through its sheer silliness—effective in the sense that, pro or con, it inspires publicity.

A minister breezes into town and allows it to leak out to the press that he is driving a taxicab to gain a better understanding of his fellow man. Shortly after, more ministers are miraculously discovered hustling freight at steamship piers or living in Bowery lodging houses. A Boston divine went panhandling on the streets at Christmas time, not only for the lowdown on his fellow man, but also for William Randolph Hearst. Titled Englishwomen, provided no buck teeth or over ample feet bar the way to future stage success, make the grade by clerking in Bamberger's Bargain Basement. Just as Lady Heath was beginning her assault on our gate receipts, her aged husband disavowed her debts and obligingly gave out a long, detailed interview wherein he set forth her extravagances and peculiarities.

JUST how these various forms of publicity are held to benefit their sponsors is not always clear to the layman. The Durant strategy, for example, is obviously useful to Durant. The case of the two starving sisters, on the other hand, seems less easy to understand. One concludes that any form whatsoever is probably to be esteemed.

Undoubtedly, though, a shrewd and unfettered p. a. could have stepped up Mr. Hoover's trip considerably. He could have sent daily "rumors:"

1. That Mr. Hoover had begun work on a South American novel.
2. That Mr. Hoover had been threatened with kidnapping and death by a tribe of cannibals from the jungles of the Amazon.
3. That Mr. Hoover had decided to fly back to the United States.
4. That Mr. Hoover had decided to chuck up the Presidency and stay in South America.
5. That Mr. Hoover had invited President Coolidge to spend the holidays with him at Buenos Aires, the two then to join Byrd at the Pole.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Utilities Look Ahead

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

BECAUSE of the revelations before the Federal Trade Commission which showed with distressing clarity that some of the propaganda of the power and light companies had been rather tactless, to put it mildly, Wall Street has been a little inclined to feel sorry for the public utilities. Any pity in that direction, however, would be wasted. The electric power and light, gas, water and communications companies enjoyed the best year of their history in 1928 and their prospects for 1929 are highly encouraging.

To realize this it is necessary only to look at the stock market tables. Utility stocks do not jump about as wildly as industrial or specialty issues and their persistent gains have not attracted as much attention as those of head-liners like Montgomery Ward, International Harvester, Gold Dust and General Electric. A review of the gains of the year, nevertheless, shows that the utility shares gained as much as the members of any other group.

The chief reason for the prosperity in these lines is the apparently insatiable public demand for at least four types of service. The use of water has not increased at a particularly startling rate but the requirements for power, light, gas and communications have mounted rapidly enough to justify the most optimistic predictions.

Public utilities is a phrase sometimes used as a synonym for power and light companies, and it is these organizations, representing about seventy per cent of the country's investment in utilities, which have made the most progress. In 1900 only ten per cent of the plants in this country were electrified. In 1918, the percentage was fifty-five per cent and today it has mounted to seventy-eight per cent. There has been a parallel increase in the power of electrified machinery per worker. This amounted to .3 horse power in 1904; to 1.6 in 1918; and 3.5 horsepower per worker in 1928. No one doubts that the figure will be higher in 1929.

Although statistics as to home consumption are not so readily available, it is apparent that the popularity of electric refrigerators, washing machines, heaters and many other contrivances alone would have made necessary a tremendous stepping up of power production. Any one familar with domestic arrangements in various parts of the country, moreover, realizes that the use of luxury and labor-saving electrical devices can expand almost indefinitely. The East, for instance, has been very slow to adopt many of the electrical conveniences which have proved their worth conclusively in newer sections of the country. But efficiency will prevail eventually even in the East. It can be taken for granted, moreover, that the list of household appliances will be growing steadily.

Demand for gas for both the factory and the home probably has increased at almost as rapid a rate as that for electrical energy although final consumption figures will not be available for some time to come. As for the communications, the advertising campaigns in behalf of the telephone, the telegraph, the cable and the radio have paid for themselves—and much more.

As long as any of us have less money than we want it can be taken for granted that consumers will continue to agitate for lower and lower prices. This is true particularly in the utility field because of the readiness with which any discontent can be capitalized politically. Power, light, gas and water rates, nevertheless, have been growing somewhat less irksome, not only because they have been declining slightly but because many companies have adopted a rate structure which sets a minimum charge sufficient to cover the initial and fixed cost of serving a customer and a "commodity" charge low enough to induce increased use. Increased consumption should mean lower rates eventually. In the meantime it reduces the fluctuation in the consumer's bills.

Partly because of the fact that the present giants in the utility field are already so enormous and partly because of the fact that there have been comparatively few really big utility mergers recently, the assumption has grown that combinations will be comparatively few in the future. With this assumption the leaders of the industry disagree sharply. The greatest progress in recent years has been made by the very biggest companies such as Electric Bond & Share, Commonwealth Power and Consolidated Gas of New York and their outstanding success has made size seem more desirable than ever. It is possible, though, that new groupings will be made often without any drastic changes in capital structures.

"One trend in the electric light and power industry which is likely to become more noticeable during 1929," predicts one of the most important magnates in the Middle West, "is what might be called consolidation without dominion. Interconnection and corporate consolidation are the very foundations of the development of a widespread electric service. The fact that until now they have been necessarily carried on in the form of acquisitions of properties by one large group or another has caused apprehension in certain circles. In the interest of economical operation it is quite possible that the next development of the electric industry will be the consolidation of some of the smaller existing operating companies in a State into one large operating company, irrespective of where the ownership and control of the present operating companies might rest.

"This might result in several holding companies having an interest in the larger operating company in proportion to their interest in the smaller constituent companies, although none may have actual control . . . . This would tend to bring the so-called 'holding companies' nearer to what they actually are—investment companies. Already they have not hesitated to make substantial investments without obtaining control of operating companies—simply to expedite this consolidation of facilities which is so necessary if the public is to be given maximum service at the lowest consistent rates."

THE only really unpleasing prospect for the utilities as well as for every other form of business is the scarcity of credit. But, since they took advantage of the easy money period to exchange many of their outstanding bonds for common stock, thereby strengthening their borrowing position, and since their increasingly efficient use of present equipment makes great immediate expansion unnecessary, they should be in at least as good a position as any other group of companies to overcome the obstacles raised by high interest rates.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Soft Pedagogy in the Colleges

By EDGAR W. KNIGHT

Before accepting entirely Dean Hibbard's denunciation of high-power publicity methods in our colleges, Professor Knight believes that we should look to the contribution which our teachers can make to their students' outlook. As professor of history in the University of North Carolina, Dr. Knight is a colleague of Dean Hibbard and sees the academic problem of training youth from the same window upon the collegiate world

IN his article, "Our Truant Professors," Dean Hibbard deplores the mechanics of the present academic system of this country which, he believes, suppress the best efforts of those few good teachers who do find their way into college faculties. The enemy within the campus is the "Juggernaut of administration, routine and, worst of all, the pot-pourri of activities represented by the catch-phrase of 'service to the people.'" Some of these and other evils which Dean Hibbard would remove, many of us see every day of our toilsome academic lives and as often deplore. They are evident to anyone who possesses any of the five senses. I heartily endorse much of what he says and applaud him especially for being able to say it with such even temper and in such an interesting manner.

But, when the physician or the psychologist is called upon to prescribe for physical or mental trouble he is quite apt to inquire into its cause. "How did it develop or come about?" he asks. Assuming, as seems fair, that specialists in education should approach their problems in the same manner, it is doubtful whether the unwholesome and discouraging conditions now said to surround college teaching can be improved until we know how they got that way.

The dominating feature of higher education in the United States does indeed seem to be its organization and administration. The recent phenomenal development of physical plants and equipment for schools cannot be matched in all educational history. It is obvious also that in this immense enterprise, which bears so many mechanical features, are to be found some of the weaknesses of higher education which cannot be removed so long as American educational leaders continue primarily interested in bigger educational arrangements, in larger student bodies, in the revision, alteration and enlargement of courses of study, in finding new and catchy names for old ways of doing things, and in the externalities of education generally. It appears also that some of these leaders are too often unmindful of the most persistent and probably the most difficult problem of all—that of securing, training, retaining and adequately rewarding good teachers.

Now if teaching is subordinated to management is it not due in part to the feverish efforts which the average American school manager is making to imitate the methods employed by industry? It is now the fashion for education, the largest public enterprise in the country, to copy closely the organization and methods of management used by mammoth private corporations, with their intricate administrative and supervisory machinery. Mass production and standardization are becoming as characteristic of the college as of the factory; volume and velocity of product are almost as conspicuous in education as in the factory.

IT is true that attempts, said to be intended to emancipate education from the suffocation which an imitation of the forces of the machine industry threatens to stifle it with, are being made here and there, although many of them have all the marks of fads or of spasms of experimentation and at best seem only gestures. But meantime, the mechanical practices of the factory and the counting house continue more and more to be the practices of the schools and colleges. Few features of American educational life escape the monotonous routine of the machine in whose wheels youth are more and more made to revolve. Increasingly standardized and mechanical is education becoming, graded by years, by points, by credits, by majors, by courses, and wearing always a certain veneer of finality. There are signs also that this mechanized education tends to encourage a uniformity of mind and manners which have a metallic ring and make for superficiality. As education becomes more and more mechanical, more and more are youth and the public generally likely to mistake its shadow for its substance. Some of these dangers, against which Dean Hibbard and others cry out, have their roots, in part at least, in the administrative routine of the colleges which has been copied from big business which makes such routine pay. But who can say that it is useful for the colleges?

Another cause of the conditions which throw presidents and deans into panics is the recent tremendous growth in attendance upon higher educational institutions. If there are fewer Mark Hopkins now than formerly there are more boys at the other end of the log. Everybody now goes to college. And thousands of youths, whose parents were not college bred, still accept at face value the statements of presidents and deans that wide opportunities lie in attendance upon the college and university. They respond to the appeal and annually enter by multitudes. Enrollments in higher educational institutions have increased nearly six times as fast as the general population during the last three decades. But many of those college executives and professors who, in the lean years of college attendance, were the strongest advocates of higher education, now sometimes seem to question it as a panacea for individual and social ills. Numerous and loud are the protests that the colleges are being filled with nit-wits. Cries of alarm and of dismay come from the colleges in the presence of statistics which show the high mortality of their students. Moreover, the mania for numbers and for bigness and the "college contagion" have provoked an academic hysteria in which administrative officers and professors find it difficult to preserve their patience and peace.

BUT the roots of the trouble seem to run back not only to the influence of the machine age and the bewildering increase in college enrollments. They may be found also in an educational theory which the college executives would be the last in the world to profess but are nevertheless practicing unawares. For example, they will have no part in this nonsense about the training of teachers. If they believe

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the professional preparation of teachers for colleges they are careful not to admit the faith. Consider some of the inadequacies in the training of those who are selected by presidents and deans to teach in college. Many of them have had no previous work with young people and little opportunity to gain an understanding of them. They have no acquaintance with the principles of modern psychology, with the history of their profession or of the school as an institution, or with the principles of teaching as they have been worked out historically. They have little or no training in, acquaintance with, or sympathy for educational management. Many of them had little or no teaching experience when appointed to college posts, and generally none whatever under the direction or supervision of experienced and successful teachers. What other institution, business, or organization, or agency is so careless in matters of personnel?

With the teaching personnel of the college constantly recruited from young people of such deficient preparation, who are free to do as they like in the class room, without any guidance to improve or eliminate poor or wasteful methods, is it amazing that the mortality of freshmen ranges annually from twenty-five to forty per cent? Is it strange that the average college executive or professor has difficulty in stating clearly the object or purpose of the college? Moreover, the average young college teacher, by lack of preparation for his task and the lack of helpful supervision after he enters upon it, is actually encouraged to look upon the mass instruction of students as a convenience to administrative machinery, and soon learns to whine about the incompetents who presume to seek college training, and to deplore the ineffectiveness of the schools below. If he shows real intellectual interest in his students personally he is as much out of place as he would be if he opened his classes with prayer. In my sixteen years of college teaching experience I have never had from president, dean or head of department any word of advice upon standards of good teaching, and I have been tacitly taught by this consistent silence upon the subject not to look or hope for any professional help.

Notwithstanding the official indifference to the adequate preparation and the careful recruiting of college teachers, and the scorn of the typical college executive for the "new education," probably nowhere in American education are exhibited so many bizarre applications of a soft and degenerate pedagogy. Consider, for example, those sentimental and maudlin catchphrases on "service to the student" which now echo and re-echo through all up-to-date campuses, the recent feverish and needless expansion of courses, as the most casual examination of college catalogues show, such arrangements as "freshman week," orientation courses, optional class attendance, faculty counsellors, the extreme and debilitating applications of the elective system, and other expedients and movements that are now the fashion of the colleges, and constantly increase the administrative costs of higher education without yielding appreciable returns. Are these tonics and opiates removing the chronic disorders or increasing them?

The organization and administration of these picturesque schemes call for the constant enlargement of the non-teaching personnel of the colleges. Already large is the list of deans of colleges, of schools, of faculties, of administration, of males, of females, of freshmen, of students, of students with high I. Q.'s, of students with low I. Q.'s, assistant deans, vice deans, acting deans, psychiatrists and applied psychologists. These offices have been created in great numbers in recent years under the influence of the latest fashions in pedagogy. College students must be adjusted to their environment, now say all up-to-date college executives, who hasten to appoint another dean.

The many and mysterious ways by which students are now being "adjusted to their environment" appear in the reports of some of these newer deans to their presidents. One of them tells of the success of the dormitory smokers, the new men being guests. "In most of the dormitories there were some faculty speaker and some light refreshments, and in all there was practice of the University songs and cheers and the introduction of the new men to each other and the upperclassmen. It was a matter of comment after the smoker," continued the dean in his report, "that the relationship between the men in the dormitory was on more of a plane of friendship than the day before. As one freshman put it, before the smoker they passed each other in the hall without greeting; after the smoker it was 'Hello, Bill,' or 'George,' as the case might be."

Another very heavy responsibility which devolved upon the office of these new university officials appeared in a similar report: "It is now a part of the daily routine of this office to send to the banks every morning for a list of the student checks which have been returned to them, to notify the student in question, and the dean of the school of which he is a member." The crude cases, those presumably in which the "initiative" and "creativeness" of the students are not developed to the point of finesse, are turned over to the student council for discipline. A year later the report showed that the volume of bad checks given by students had "not greatly diminished since last year," and the following year it showed that the number of bad checks continued large "because of an increase in the number of students, as well as the great increase in the number of checks written."

In addition to the management of dormitory smokers, and of arrangements for teaching college students the proper way to greet one another in the halls and to write bad checks without getting in bad, some of the other weighty matters which engage the attention of this dean's office are "freshman week" and "freshman chapel," "freshman assimilation," "intramural sports" and that "most difficult enterprise" of finding among the students "measures of the nonintellectual character or personality traits," an effort to determine "whether or not there are other personal qualities beside mental alertness which may be subject to scientific analysis and quantitative study." One also learns from this same treatise upon American higher education that chapel is "an orientation process and a unification center" whose "two major functions" are "orientation and integration."

The president, to whom this report was directed was informed by the dean on the subject of "the assimilation of freshmen:" "The more I study this problem, the more I am forced to the conclusion that the period in a student's life beginning with his attempt to decide whether or not he should enter college and extending through his first attendance upon a college presents such specific problems that are common to all freshmen and center so widely into his academic success or failure, that these problems should be made the object of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

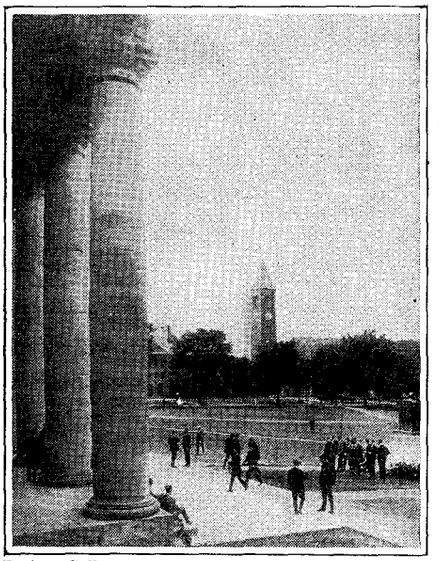
DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

study of one central office or of a closely knit group, and that this period should be placed under a supervision sufficiently unified and comprehensive to control its conditions and study its problems." Forty per cent of the freshmen in the institution which this dean represents are so deficient in English that they cannot be admitted to the first college course in the subject until they have been grounded in a more elementary course, and some of them "actually write like pupils in the fourth or fifth grade."

Evidently the president understood what the dean was driving at in this statement. Certainly he thought well enough of it to spend money upon the publication of the report, the last part of which was an appeal by the dean for an increase in his staff. "Until I have a full time assistant, I will be forced to abandon either administrative enterprises on which we have engaged or the scores of personal conferences that I have on students' initiative every week." He now has not one but many assistants, and the financial cost of this part of the university machinery exceeds that of two or three of the best paid professors in the institution, while the cost to the moral and intellectual strength of the institution can never be estimated.

Now, no full-fledged president, dean, or professor would dare admit that any of the principles or theories of the "new education" had ever entered his institution. The doctrine of interest, Herbartian or misunderstood, and the doctrines of "freedom" and "creativeness," were intended not for grown-ups, these college people say, but for children. And yet the softening tendencies of education appear in wider application in the colleges than in the lower schools. There is a strong reaction against drill of any sort, and almost wholesale denial of the value of discipline. It is no longer proper to speak of discipline in the average American college. "Freshman week," for example, is largely a period of recreation and good fellowship, the purpose of which is to reduce among the new students the pangs of homesickness and create among them an imaginary grown-up feeling. Optional class attendance, now the fashion in so many colleges, is but another expression of a softening pedagogy which college officials scorn in the lower schools but practice nevertheless in their own. Moreover, it is now the fashion of the colleges to assume that a faithful mastery of knowledge by the students is likely to crush their initiative and to hamper their "creativeness" and "initiative." This doctrine is a mixture of Pestalozzianism and Herbartianism, with a dash of Froebelianism and the doctrines of Dewey, shaken well and stirred by their misinterpreters before using. The "interest" of each student must be respected. One result is that, according to careful estimates, from thirty-five to sixty per cent of the student body of the average American college is absent from the campus almost every week-end.

It is now assumed that the intellectual and educational strength of an institution somehow follows mere machinery and organization. This assumption, which has become a sort of religion in higher education, with all the implica-



Ewing Galloway

tions of dogma, is more in evidence in the colleges and universities than anywhere in all our educational arrangements, from top to bottom. Most of the gains that have been made in higher education in the last two decades are largely material.

When I consider these evidences of softness in pedagogy which continues to be encouraged by higher educational administration, I find myself in the mood of billingsgate. At such times, I would adjourn all deans and all committees, make freshmen week a crime punishable by death to all who approve or participate in it, and ambush any president, dean, professor, trustee or janitor who suggests, countenances, aids or abets optional class attendance, faculty advisers, elective courses, chapel attendance, pep meetings, parades, dormitory smokers, students who give bad checks, class or college spirit, yells, cheer leaders, self-help students, orientation courses, faculty meetings, commencements, honorary degrees, alumni gatherings, bumming, the scientific temper, loyalty to scholarship, the critical attitude, or the abundant life. With these trifles out of the way and college executives given a tincture of iron, the career of the typical American college professor would be as secure and as satisfying, perhaps as respectable, and in part as effective as that of the head coach. And when I see so much evidence that deans and their mothering of students stand as stubborn obstacles to the advancement of learning, I recall the comment of the Reverend Josiah Billings, a North Carolina Methodist circuit rider, whose fondness for pies and afternoon naps was known wherever he had a charge. One summer afternoon his nap was cut short by a terrific wind and rain storm which swept from a shelf on the back porch out into the mud and water in the yard a half dozen toothsome pies which his wife had cooked and placed out to cool. The devout man looked upon his loss and gave it as his opinion that "taking God up one side and down the other, it does sometimes seem that He does about as much harm as He does good."

It is for this reason that I find myself somewhat out of agreement with Dean Hibbard's proposal for a group of super-professors. Any further additions to or alterations in academic rank or reconstruction of the academic hierarchy would soon call for other supervisory and non-teaching officers, with a corresponding increase in what industrial organizations call "overhead." The creation of another if higher order of professor would presently require another and perhaps higher order of dean, whose equipment would have to include at least a vice or assistant dean, elaborate office furniture, a brace of clerks, and a ton or two of filing cases, all of which are expensive. And from such an educational reform it would then be only a "holler and a whoop" to the appointment of a dean of deans, and then God help American education!

The warning which Emerson gave to higher education a half century ago is as prophetic now as it was then. The colleges can highly serve their times only when "they set the hearts of their youth on flame." Dormitory smokers, even when supervised by deans, may set their throats but never their hearts on flame.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

A Thousand Years in His Sight

Joseph and His Brethren. By H. W. FREEMAN: Henry Holt. Published January 10.

IT WAS, we believe, Ludwig Lewisohn who said that the form of literature springs from the same source as the substance. Failure to appreciate this sound critical principle has been the ruin of many novelists as it has been the confusion of many reviewers. Among contemporary writers, Ernest Hemingway is notably successful in following, in his style, the rhythm of the lives he celebrates. Equally right, most perfectly appropriate to the timeless story that he tells is the pure, simple form used by H. W. Freeman in his fine novel, "Joseph and His Brethren." The last weeks of 1928 gave us the year's greatest contribution to English literature. If 1929 produces, in the weeks to come, a better novel than "Joseph and His Brethren," it will have done well.

This is a book which will restore, if there are those who doubt, faith in the eternal value of the land and the people of the land as a great subject for creative writing. It is the story of one generation in the life of a Suffolk farm. The Geaiters are of the same stuff as their land, stubborn to work but rich in yield. Unchanging acres and unchanging men, the same today as when Harold's watch fires lit the English hills. Plow and harrow and seed; sharpen the scythes and fold the ewes for lambing, and milk the red cows in the winter dawn. It took muscular arms and fearless hearts to work the soil of Crakenhill. The Geaiters had them. Others tried and wasted half-hearted or spendthrift years on plow land that mocked them. But the Geaiters did not fail. Great arms, they had, and stout hearts and tongues guarded against unnecessary speech. One boy and another wandered away to see the world: but they came back at nightfall. One woman and another beckoned: but the farm was the jealous mistress of them all.

In the first arresting chapter of the book, Emily, wife of Benjamin and mother of the brethren, dies in the field —"wore up." And her death is accepted by her men as horses straining at a load accept the death of one that drops beside them. After awhile, Nancy came to work at Crakenhill Hall —"our Nance." She was a grand housewife and a lusty wench. All the men wanted her. She would have had Harry, the youngest, but he had already given up one woman for the farm and knew it was no use. So old Benjamin took her, got Joseph, married Nance, left her the farm, and died—in the fields, too. Nance fell in love with a poaching wastrel and turned the brothers out. But Willett couldn't manage land that had known the Geaiters. The hayfields grew up in weeds and the hogs died of cholera. Nance sold out. The brothers bought back the farm, took their young Joseph and raised him to be even as they were, and, when he married, opened their arms to "our Daisy." And that is all there is to the story. We read it through without a pause, and have given it into two pairs of hands, one young and eager and one worn; and neither laid it down until the end.

Dateless yet original in conception, rich in immemorial and precious characters, nice in description as a Dutch picture, noble in spirit, this novel is one in a thousand. We would rather be the man who—not conceived but opened his eyes and heart and received it than be President. And that, in a great democracy such as ours, where, by the way this book could not have been written, is as much as any one could say.

The Most Discussed Books

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantoms, Inc.
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's;
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.;
Cincinnati—Stewart Kidd;
Portland, Oregon—J. K. Gill Company;

Fiction

Old Pybus, by Warwick Deeping: Alfred A. Knopf. This amiable if mechanical story of an old man, his sons and his grandson, will please admirers of Deeping's novels. Reviewed Oct. 10.

The Wanderer, by Alain Fournier: Houghton, Mifflin. This is a moving story of a dreamer's search for perfection written in simple and beautiful prose.

The Hounds of God, by Raphael Sabatini: Houghton, Mifflin. Not one of Sabatini's best. The Armada and the Inquisition provide the background. Reviewed November 21.

Harness, by A. Hamilton Gibbs: Little, Brown & Co. The "old things" still carry on in this story of a post-war couple and the difficulty of mixing careers and matrimony. Reviewed October 31.

The Empress of Hearts, by E. Barrington: Dodd, Mead & Co. This is the old story of the Queen's Necklace decorated to suit the ladies. The author is a more accurate historian than Dumas but not so good a story-teller. Reviewed November 7.

Non-Fiction

Elizabeth and Essex, by Lytton Strachey: Harcourt, Brace. A magnificent historical essay written in precise and living prose. Reviewed Dec. 26.

Goethe, by Emil Ludwig: Putnam. This fine biography adds greatly to the validity of the Ludwig vogue. Reviewed October 3.

John Brown's Body, by Stephen Vincent Benet: Doubleday, Doran. This noble attempt at an American epic contains some of our finest contemporary verse. Reviewed Sept. 5.

The Buck in the Snow, by Edna St. Vincent Millay: Harper. There is some reassuring and some disappointing work in this. Reviewed Oct. 31.

Abraham Lincoln, 1809-1858, by Albert J. Beveridge: Houghton, Mifflin. Not so fine as the Marshall biography, but an important book Reviewed Oct. 3.

The Week's Reading

A Voyage to the Island of the Articoles. By ANDRE MAUROIS, translated by David Garnett, with woodcuts by Edward Carrick: Appleton. Published January 11.

THIS is a gentle, amusing satire. Its imaginative qualities are such as might be expected from the author of "Mapë" and "War with the Moon." Its simple, smooth style is more reminiscent of the translator's own work.

Pierre Chambrelan, a young Frenchman oppressed by the insistence of the personal world, escapes on a long cruise. Meaning to go alone, he is tempted into taking along Anne, a charming female shipmate and platonic companion. They are cast away without the usual turmoil of shipwreck on one of those convenient Pacific islands. It turns out to be a curious place, which has been colonized in the interests of pure art. There are two classes of inhabitants: the Articoles, who write, paint, sculp, compose for art's sake, and the Beos who do the work and provide the admiring audience. For lack of any

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

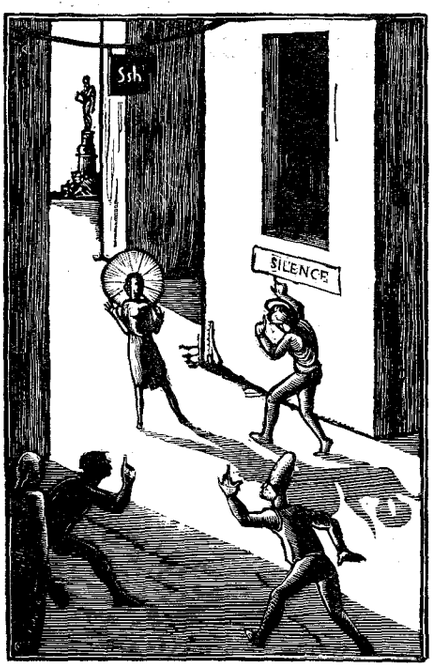
contacts with life, the Articoles have run a little low in subjects upon which to exercise their creative faculties. They are producing such things as "A Journal of My Wife's Journal of Her Journey." Occasionally a Beo goes Articole and writes a stalwart novel. But, in the too favorable atmosphere, the blood runs out quickly. Pierre and Anne are welcomed as possible new material. Their platonic association is indeed looked upon with curiosity and some scorn. They are housed in the Psycharium for observation. Unhappily, Snake, the best Articole poet, falls in love with Anne. Ordinarily she would be handed over to him for experiment (spiritual, no doubt) for as long as he pleases. With her help he should have been able to write fresh poems of desire, temporary frustration, fulfilment, satiation and parting. But he goes "mad" and will not have her against her will. In the interests of art, Pierre and Anne are sent on their way rejoicing, to continue the cruise under less platonic circumstances.

This pleasant little story offers a nice opportunity for some amusing jabs at artists and audiences. One would think to read about the parties which the adoring Beos give to the condescending Articoles that M. Maurois had just finished a lecture tour of the United States. In the few pages which he has allowed himself, Maurois has no chance to develop characters or situations; but as an unpretentious and adroit satiric sketch, his book can give an hour of pleasure and plenty of chuckles.

Bartolomé de Las Casas. By MARCEL BRION, translated by Coley B. Taylor: Dutton. Published January 11.
Père Marquette. By AGNES REPPLIER: Doubleday, Doran. Published January 11.

STIRRING periods of American history are described in these two books. While they are biographies, in both the lives and characters of their subjects are set so carefully against the right historical background that each book not only celebrates an heroic figure, but also illustrates an era. Both are designed for popular reading; and neither is a mere digest of source material. Both are touched with individual sympathy and appreciation.

Marcel Brion writes of Las Casas, the great Dominican who was called the Father of the Indians, and who espoused so stalwartly the cause of those miserable savages suffering at the hands of his fellow Spaniards in the West Indies and South America. The story is both a noble and a dreadful one. Dreadful in its setting—the exploitation and annihilation of the aborigines by the conquistadores; noble in its pictures of devoted, adventuring monks. Of these monks, Las Casas is foremost. He took the part of the Indians against his own people, and was bitterly persecuted for it. From 1498 when he went to America on Columbus's third voyage until his death in 1566, he worked, wrote, preached and argued for justice for the Indians. But Indian welfare and Spanish rapacity could not exist side by side, and Las



One of the amusing woodcuts by Edward Carrick which illustrate Andre Maurois's "A Voyage to the Island of the Articoles" (Appleton)

Casas was tilting at the giant of Spanish world dominion. Brion's account of Las Casas's life offers a constant spectacle of contrast between the selfishness and courage of one man and the cruelty and greed of a nation. It is simply told without effort at picturesque effect—a feat of authorial self-denial when one considers the quality of the material—and thereby gains in force.

In New France, a hundred and fifty years later, Jacques Marquette, a man of different stamp but equal value, worked also for the Indians. The situation with which he had to deal was quite different. Its human elements were comparatively simple. Marquette was of the Society of Jesus, the soldier of Christ. He was also a trusted servant of his country. Human enemies he certainly had, in the shape of hostile Indians: time and again his life hung on a taut bowstring. But the days of Jesuit martyrdoms in Canada were over, and Marquette's simple eloquence, fortitude and devotion were such as won the savages to him readily. Marquette's worst enemies—like those of every other pioneer of the land, were hunger, cold and the hardships of primitive existence. His life was another of man's valiant gestures in the face of Nature. In Agnes Repplier's unpretentious biography the scene in New France gives an ample background to the story of Père Marquette. It is a story out of which we know few pages. But those few are great ones. Of his youth and early manhood little is known, and he was not forty when he died. Most of his time in Canada was spent on missions to the Indians whose languages he learned and whose temperament he understood and respected. The historic event of his career was his discovery and exploration, with Joliet, of the upper waters of the Mississippi. That expedition prepared the way for La Salle's voyage. It was a deed of surpassing heroism—a handful of men in two frail canoes setting out into an unknown wilderness of woods and waters—and it was performed unquestioningly. Père Marquette's journal of that trip as it appears in the Jesuit Relations, is quoted, somewhat too sparingly, by Miss Repplier. But it was a fortunate chance which led her into the study and retelling of Père Marquette's story. She brings to it an easy narrative style and much sympathetic reflection. She has caught the rhythm of the life she celebrates. Père Marquette followed the ways of God as unquestioningly as did the rivers which he traveled. His times were not only brave but happy. Men died young, then, and left long life to their names.

Accident. By ARNOLD BENNETT: Doubleday, Doran. Published January 11.

ON the slender thread of a journey in the London-Rome express, Arnold Bennett has strung a delicate necklace of observation, keen, witty and tender. Frith-Walter starts off to meet his wife in Genoa, chaperoned by a superlative secretary and armed with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ships... ships... 15 ships...

and the largest ship building program in the world.

Empress of Australia... Empress of Scotland... Empress of Canada ...First-class...and first-class in a way all their own. The Empress of Britain, 40,000 gross tons, under construction.

The four Duchesses... raising cabin-class to a new peak of luxury... all brand new... all 20,000 gross tons.

Eight other great ships... offering every class... every price...every type of accommodation... 3-to-5 sailings a week.

These are the ships that redouble the joy of St. Lawrence-Canadian Pacific... the other seaway to Europe.

Such is the 1929 Atlantic fleet presented by the largest shipbuilding program in the world. Such expansion can be caused only by popularity.

▼ ▼ ▼

Montreal and Quebec to England, Ireland, France, Germany. Information and booklets... if you have a good travel-agent, ask him. Otherwise write any Canadian Pacific Branch office: New York, 344 Madison Ave. ... Chicago, 71 E. Jackson Blvd.... Montreal, 141 St. James St.... 14 other cities in U. S. and Canada.

ST. LAWRENCE-

Canadian Pacific

Seaway to EUROPE

a copy of Wordsworth. He adopts an attitude of tolerance, a willingness to put himself in the other man's place in any given situation. Chance acquaintance with an unusual couple; a quarrel between his son and daughter-in-law and an accident all put him to the test. He ends his journey wiser and happier than he began it, more than ever interested in the inscrutable ways of human relationships and adjustments, and more than ever pleased with Wordsworth. Intimations of *mortality*, brave and beautiful and unpredictable, are what these accidents give him. His experience is like the passage of a through train by a wayside station: it emerges from infinity, runs briefly through time and space, and disappears into infinity again.

To Be Published Next Week

Shadowed. By HILAIRE BELLOC: Harper. Jan. 7.

Procession. By FANNIE HURST: Harper. Jan. 17.

The China Venture. By DOROTHY GRAHAM: Stokes. Jan. 17.

Slower Judas. By G. B. STERN: Knopf. Jan. 18.

Arturo Toscanini. By TOBIA NICOTRA: Knopf. Jan. 18.

The Molehill. By ALICE RITCHIE: Putnam. Jan. 19.

Story of the B. and O. Railroad. By EDWARD HUNGERFORD: Putnam. Jan. 19.

And "Accident," which should be read not by a reviewer but by a man with freedom of choice and leisure to enjoy its urbanity, its humor and its quiet understanding, gives also intimations of immortality. It intimates, quite briskly, that the Arnold Bennett of "Buried Alive" has not been dead these years but only sleeping.

The Pageant of the Stars. A Handbook of Astronomy. By WILLIAM J. LUYTEN: Doubleday, Doran. Published January 11.

WE HAVE always preferred to know nothing practical about the stars. The odd and lovely names of the constellations, the myths about their origin and freedom to look at them are all we want. But for those sensible people who like to know the facts, Professor Luyten's book is excellent. It tells in readable style, with the romantic quality which is often the unconscious attribute of a scientist's writing, a great deal about astronomy and the methods of astronomers. It should, especially if accompanied by photographs of the beautiful old astronomical instruments at Peking, be enough to start a boy or girl off on a career of star-gazing.

Mantis. By ETHELREDA LEWIS: Simon and Schuster.

A NOVEL by the discoverer and editor of "Trader Horn," which comes with the critical approval of the discreet London "Times" quoted on its jacket.

Poetry from Four Men

Winter Words. By THOMAS HARDY: Macmillan.

Sonnets. By EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON: Macmillan.

West-Running Brook. By ROBERT FROST: Henry Holt.

Cawdor. By ROBINSON JEFFERS: Horace Liveright.

ONE of these books, to this reviewer, is definitely, sadly, disappointing; though proper consideration beforehand—attention to the circumstance of the author's life—might mitigate the disappointment, it could hardly lessen the sadness that grows in following the failure through the pages of "Winter Words," the failure, that is, of the man as a poet. For we have been told that Thomas Hardy desired, demanded, in his latter life, to be recognized as a poet first and as the novelist second. If this is so, if he truly cherished his verses above the power and felicity of the novels, there is pathos ironically consistent with his living convictions born from the publication of his last book—his verse. There are, to be sure, several things in the volume which succeed as verse, short unlabored lyrics such as many another man might have written, but the work in the direction and materials which seem only Thomas Hardy's appears, in most instances, the distortion of a prose idea to a confining, falsified medium. The deliberate torturing of events, the flagrant arrangement of incident, to gain an unvaried ironic effect in the dramatic pieces is astonishingly guileless. This practice, even artfully manipulated, would fail through sheer repetition. The verses could not be convincing—not to mention their power to move and release the imagination—straining under the obviousness of device, painfully fixed, time after time. "A Gentleman's Second-hand Suit," "Squire Hooper," "The War-wife of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WINTER HURRICANES NEVER REPORTED BY WEATHER BUREAU

By The Associated Press

Jacksonville, Sept. 24.—A. P. Mitchell, veteran meteorologist, said here today that there had never been a winter or spring hurricane in Florida so far as available records showed.

"No hurricane ever has been known in the state from November to June," he said. "Any person who refrains from visiting Florida during this period because of fear of tropical storms is the loser."

Leave Wintry Winds Behind—Come to West Palm Beach

IN Florida there are, indeed, no storms in winter. Our chief concern these days is to aid you in your escape from the cold blasts of the North.

In Florida, in West Palm Beach, you are safe and warm all winter long. Only balmy breezes from the warm Gulf Stream to facilitate your rest or recreation. Every convenience, every sport, amusement, accommodation—and at reasonable cost—await you at West Palm Beach. Write for our new booklet Address: G. A. Swinehart, Drawer B-58.

CITY OF WEST PALM BEACH · FLORIDA ·

EUROPE 1929

ARE YOU GOING?

We have unusual itineraries, such as the special music festivals—the Shakespeare festivals—tours, conducted or independent, through cathedral towns—chateau country—the big centers—the quaint little towns

Motoring, Rail or Steamer

or a combination of all. Too, a "Drive Your Own Car" service in Europe and the British Isles that is moderate in price, and the last word in freedom of sight-seeing

Write for details and booklets, which are sent gratis. Itineraries arranged to suit your taste and pocket-book

Eva R. Dixon, Director

Outlook and Independent Travel Bureau

NEW YORK 120 East 16th Street

LONDON 14 Regent Street

SCHOOLS

New York

SOUTHAMPTON HOSPITAL School of Nursing

Southampton, L. I. 8-hour day. 2½ year course—monthly allowance $15. Scholarship prizes. Ideal living conditions. Requirements 2 years High School. Write school principal for information

THE OUTLOOK RECOMMENDS

FREE CATALOGS, Camps or Schools in U. S. Want for Girls or Boys? Advice, State Chartered Free Bureau.

American Schools' Association

Times Bldg., N. Y. C., or 17 N. State, Chicago

CAMPS INFORMATION

Catknoll," "The Lodging-House Fuchsias," "The Mongrel" are things embodying plainly the harsh arrangement. They are, simply, not poems, and what success the thoughts in such lines might achieve in other treatment remains a question.

Edwin Arlington Robinson's "Sonnets" make a book that his old readers will be glad to have, and one which should address new readers provocatively. The poems are arranged with a welcome diversity, avoiding the detraction of monotony often engendered in sonnet collections, however excellent, by placing poems on a related theme one after another. We find in this volume one of the sharp character etchings close to the music of a wide reflection, the beautiful "George Crabbe" sonnet facing "Credo," and such juxtaposition seems to give each poem its essential voice, unwebbed in the echoes preceding. This book affords those richnesses which sonnet lovers search with their own intensity more abundantly than one dares expect in these sterile times.

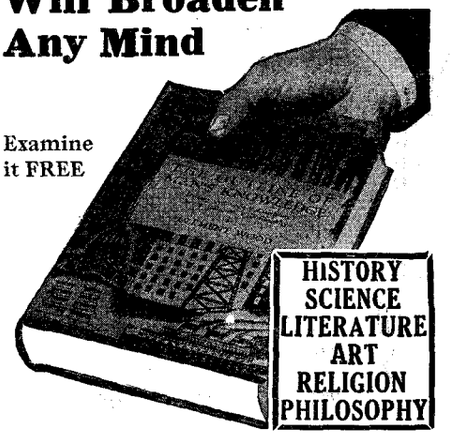
In "West-Running Brook" Robert Frost works his simple magic, and then, surprisingly, fails to lay it in many of his quiet plain lines. There are poems in this collection kindred to that indescribably freighted lyric "On Stopping by the Woods at Evening." "The Cocoon" approaches this, and the "Peaceful Shepherd" is in Frost's good way. "Acquainted with the Night," "The Birthplace," are others which hold this power altogether his, a breathing, effortless spell. There are poems shorter and more closely worked than we are accustomed to find in his books. "Canis Major" is such a one, and "The Sand Dunes" another. Then there are those in which the spell escapes the spectacularly simple lines. Here, one is let down with considerable dismay, made in some way to feel a little foolish, as if the failure were the reader's rather than the writer's—for having believed in the poem, faithfully expectant of the redeeming place in an arrangement of lines verging dangerously on jingle. The title poem is in the manner of that most successful earlier poem of Frost's, "Mending Wall," an implication in every-day phrases of the mystic eloquence of Nature. Yet, here, unblamable though he may be, the poet's arrangement of those phrases is not so simple, and we are obliged to follow the dialogue with a special concentration on its arbitrary diction. There are, it scarcely need be said, rewards for this effort, as the poem is the longest in the book and Robert Frost could not be guilty of

(Please Turn to Page 114)

This announcement has brought new vision and inspiration to ambitious thousands who hungered for wider, deeper culture.

A Background that Will Broaden Any Mind

Examine it FREE



Brings You Up-to-Date on Every Subject

NOW you can have at your command what man has learned in the six greatest branches of human knowledge and culture. Six great romantic outlines, six comprehensive sections that will bring you—compressed into one 700-page volume—the thrilling story of the world's HISTORY down to date—the stirring march and trends of RELIGION—the thought and wisdom of man's PHILOSOPHY—the intriguing beauty of the ARTS—the all-embracing survey of every branch of SCIENCE—and a complete panorama of the world's LITERATURE from the first Neolithic scribblings to the work of all modern authors.

A Liberal Education
In Narrative Form

THE OUTLINE OF MAN'S KNOWLEDGE, by Clement Wood, is the ONE book, the only book, that gives you the fascinating story of what man has learned and accomplished from the world's birth in a flare of meteoric splendor up to the arrival of radio, aviation and television. Here is the whole story—all of it—*Science, Art, Literature, History, Philosophy and Religion*—in one large beautiful volume that you can actually BORROW for a week at our expense.

It is the book which the Philadelphia Public Ledger declares is "the ONE book to read and know," and of which the Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph writes, "It is a university in itself."

The Essence of ALL Knowledge
Complete in Only ONE Volume

Clip and mail the convenient coupon and it will bring you, prepaid, a copy of THE OUTLINE OF MAN'S KNOWLEDGE, by Clement Wood. Examine it. See for yourself how fascinating is the story of knowledge. Read it freely for a week. See how much you have missed in the realm of things you OUGHT TO KNOW. If you are not completely satisfied send the book back within seven days. Otherwise, keep it as your very own and remit the astoundingly low price of only $1.50 and two dollars a month for two months thereafter.

Send No Money—BORROW
It at Our Expense

But don't decide now. See this all absorbing work first. You can do that at our expense. Send no money. Just clip the coupon. Do it before the present edition is exhausted. Fill in the coupon and mail it at once LEWIS COPELAND COMPANY. Dept. 70, 119 West 57th St., New York, N. Y.

Tear Off Along This Line and Mail Today

Lewis Copeland Company, Dept. 70,
119 West 57th St., New York, N.Y.

Kindly send me THE OUTLINE OF MAN'S KNOWLEDGE, by Clement Wood, 700 pages, illustrated, handsomely bound. Within 7 days I will either return the book or remit $1.50 as first payment, and then $2.00 per month for two months, a total of $5.50. (Ten per cent discount for cash with order. Same return privilege.)

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

If outside the limits of continental U. S. send cash with order.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"HEALTH"
is written between the lines of a typical
HAMBURG-AMERICAN MENU

GOOD food is no small matteraboard Hamburg-American liners. The choicest viands prepared by the most expert chefs, served by experienced stewards in tastefully decorated salons, combine to make every meal an anticipated occasion when going "Across the Atlantic".

PLEASURE CRUISES

To the West Indies
S. S. RELIANCE
From New York
Jan. 24 — 27 days
Feb. 23 — 27 days Mar. 27 — 16 days

To Northern Wonderlands
S. S. RELIANCE
From New York
June 29 — 36 days to Iceland, Spitzbergen, Norway and the North Cape.

Rates $800 up include return passage to New York

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE
39 Broadway, New York

209 Tremont St., Boston, 177 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, 262 S. Broad St., Philadelphia, 574 Market St., San Francisco, Citizens' Nat'l Bank Bldg., Los Angeles, 812 Olive St., St. Louis, 614 St. James St., W. Montreal, 274 Main St., Winnipeg, Adams Bldg., Edmonton. *Or local Steamship and Tourist Agents.*

Readers and Writers

By ERNEST BOYD

HUMBERT WOLFE'S "Dialogues and Monologues" (Knopf) is a pleasant variant upon the usual volume of critical essays. As its title indicates, the author prefers to expound his views in conversational form, giving a hearing to the other side, rather than to attack his opponents in formal controversy. In the opening chapter on George Moore, he tells us, the conversation is "largely imaginary," but it has been approved of by Mr. Moore, and it is, in effect, an able pastiche of that writer's manner, in addition to being an interesting account of the creation of "The Brook Kerith." Once again it is made evident that the easy grace of George Moore's style is the result of an infinite capacity for taking pains.

Mr. Wolfe is as controversial as he is conversational. He has no very high opinion, for example, of Thomas Hardy's poetry, and his point of view is one which I am inclined to share. At the same time I find myself in complete disagreement with the statement that Hardy's vision of life is like "a toy designed by a malicious zany, signifying not nothing but something with a faintly confused and malevolent purpose, like a very fat man in pumps aimlessly trampling a rose into the mud, and spattering his shoes and socks in the process." That, I submit, may be an effective phrase, but does it really represent the attitude of the creator of Tess and Jude? Mr. Wolfe is on safer ground when he proceeds to the conclusion that "Hardy does everything except sing, and, if that is true, he is everything but a poet. . . . There is no twilight of music in his poetry, beguiling the mind and suggesting what is true because it is impossible of apprehension."

One would have thought that, with this conception of poetry, Mr. Wolfe could hardly fail to salute in W. B. Yeats the true poet personified. His interlocutor declares that "no English poet moves more securely in the climate of overtones. So audible are the unspoken echoes that the written word has something ghostly in it. . . . Life for him is like shadows of the clouds blowing over a sunny field." Upon which Mr. Wolfe's comment is: "Yeats fails of ultimate greatness, because both the significance and authority are in the end those of dream. That quiet, not of the earth, those faint and motionless margins, fail for me of immortality because they claim it. Yeats writes like a changeling, and therefore he does not know that the tragedy of mortality is not that we have lost our fairylands, but that there are no fairylands to lose."

Nevertheless, Mr. Wolfe has the finest appreciation of Yeats, as when, in a later chapter, he quotes the recent lines:

> Once out of nature shall never take
> My bodily form from any natural thing,
> But such a form as Grecian goldsmiths make
> Of hammered gold and gold enamelling
> To keep a drowsy emperor awake;
> Or set upon a golden bough to sing
> To lords and ladies of Byzantium
> Of what is past, or passing, or to come.

"Is that not," he asks, "the same voice that sang the choruses of Sophocles, or cried loudly in the deeps of Inferno? It is plain and it is simple. It has the rhythms as certain as the movement of water in wind. Why must it be exchanged for the noise of a can rattled on cobbles?"

THIS "can rattled on cobbles," I hasten to explain, is Mr. Wolfe's impression of the "Modernist" school of poetry, as exemplified by E. E. Cummings, T. S. Eliot, Miss Marianne Moore and others. "If Cummings is right, then Yeats is wrong. And, if Yeats is wrong, then, like the Goths at Constantinople, we had better burn the libraries of the world." Rarely have I seen the case so well stated for those of us who fail to be impressed by the verbal gymnastics and typographical acrobatics of the poets in question. Quoting some typical lines by Miss Moore, Mr. Wolfe observes: "I can, I think, quite clearly follow Miss Moore's meaning. It may be profound, though it seems to me to be infantile. But what I do not understand is why it should be called poetry, nor do I know how, for example, you distinguish between Mr. Cummings at his most breathless and Miss Stein."

I have frequently raised the question as to how these eccentrics can be fitted into the tradition of the literature of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which they claim to be a part. "I have never been able to understand," says Mr. Wolfe, "why in the year of 1920 a violent break in the whole continuity of verse became inevitable. I could see no similar earthquake in any other art, or in any other period. In every case, however violent the change might appear to be superficially, in fact it has been an even faithful development of tradition. There is nothing in E. M. Forster which would have offended Jane Austen, Monet and Manet could be hung by the side of Constable without conflict."

"BLACKMAIL," is Mr. Wolfe's description of the argument that, if one does not rejoice in the vagaries of Mr. Cummings, one is simply a reactionary who will not recognize the advent of new forms. "The Greek Anthology," he points out, covers twelve hundred years of verse. "There is no good verse written in A. D. 600 which Sappho would not have understood, and nothing first-rate in 600 B. C. which was not acceptable after the barbarians had swept over Rome and the West. You may say that that proves that poetry stood still for twelve centuries. I answer that, if that is so, the heart of man stood still by its side, and is still standing there." There is the case fairly stated. I should like to hear, say, T. S. Eliot in rebuttal. I imagine that he would have a difficult time of it without resorting to the familiar use of Mr. Wolfe's "blackmail." That seems to be the usual defense of the moderns.

Mr. Wolfe himself tries in this dialogue to state the opposite case, but his heart, I fear, is not in the work, although I have nowhere else encountered any more satisfying statement of that case. The gist of it is: "The Modernists, without asserting that rhyme and cadence have become impossible to a true poet, imply that we have reached a point where originality can only with the profoundest difficulty overcome these initial restrictions." This strikes me always as being very much like the complaint of a person who would be as great a pianist as Paderewski, if it were not for the boredom of learning to play the piano. The true poet "will not fear, but rather rejoice in the difficulties of tradition. He will make the rose smell as sweet by the same name, and the nightingale recharm casements as magic over seas no less forlorn," Mr. Wolfe concludes. The great artist, in brief, is never frightened by the tools of his trade, and his unself-conscious mastery of them is the surest sign of his success rather than the measure of his failure.

And now **SOCIETY PLAYS** *where Old Hawaiian Kings held gala court*

THEY ROVED FROM beach to coral beach at the royal whim. Sailed in their outrigger canoes in a pagan pageant from the Island of Gardens to the Island Where the Snow Meets the Sky. A simple palace here, in a coco-nut grove of unimaginable beauty and stillness. Another yonder, where one could lie and watch silver flying fish on a sea as colorful as the cool depths of an opal.

That was yesterday. Today, to all this native charm is added the modern luxury of world-famous palatial hotels. Smart motors ply the flowered avenues to Waikiki. Gay groups gather on the broad *lanais*. Surfboards and outrigger canoes ride the combers in thrilling races. Life and color and movement everywhere—even at midnight, when the torches of native fishermen sparkle from the distant coral reef.

Summer days are cool for golf, on a dozen courses. Yet winter days are warm in Honolulu's almost changeless climate. Within a few hours' voyage are other fascinating islands—Maui, Hawaii and Kauai—with volcanoes alive and dormant, tree fern jungles, tropical gardens, sweeping beaches, and deep iridescent canyons.

Stay long enough to see it all! Hawaii is only 2,000 miles (four to six days' delightful voyage) from the Pacific Coast; and all-inclusive tours range upward from $400 or $500 including all steamer fares, hotels and sightseeing, for a month's trip with two or three weeks ashore. De luxe accommodations, also, equal to those of Europe's most renowned resorts.

Railroad and travel agents everywhere can book you direct from home via San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle or Vancouver. No passports or formalities — Hawaii is a U. S. Territory.

HAWAII

The **WORLD'S** *Enchanted Island Playground*

LASSCO LINE from LOS ANGELES

Sailings every Saturday over the delightful Southern route on Lassco luxury liners and popular cabin cruisers. De luxe accommodations; also economy tours on all expense tickets. Ask at any authorized travel agency or at Los Angeles Steamship Company offices: 730 South Broadway, Los Angeles; 505 Fifth Avenue, New York City; 140 South Dearborn Street, Chicago; 1329 Kirby Building, Dallas; 685 Market Street, San Francisco; 119 West Ocean Avenue, Long Beach, California; 217 East Broadway, San Diego, California.

MATSON LINE from SAN FRANCISCO

Sailings every Wednesday and every other Saturday over smooth seas on fast de luxe liners; also popular one-class steamers. Novel entertainment features—glorious fun. Attractive all-expense Island tours. Regular sailings also from Seattle and Portland, Ore. See your travel agency or Matson Line: 215 Market Street, San Francisco; 535 Fifth Avenue, New York; 140 So. Dearborn Street, Chicago; 1805 Elm Street, Dallas; 723 Seventh Street, Los Angeles; 1319 Fourth Ave., Seattle; 82½ Fourth Street, Portland, Oregon.

HAWAII TOURIST BUREAU

P. O. BOX 3615, SAN FRANCISCO — P. O. BOX 375, LOS ANGELES — P. O. BOX 2120, HONOLULU HAWAII

Please send me Hawaii booklet in colors and a copy of "Tourfax" travel guide. 104

*Name*_____ *Address*_____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

That's Why it's Called
3-in-One

There is a vast difference between 3-in-One and ordinary light oils.

3-in-One is scientifically compounded of several high quality oils. Their blended properties are those famous 3-in-One properties, not found in ordinary oils.

It's a wonderful super-oil that does the work of three.

Do you need a high grade light lubricant or rust and tarnish preventive? 3-in-One!

Do you need an excellent cleanser and polish for your automobile, fine furniture, woodwork, floors? 3-in-One!

3-in-One is sold by hardware, grocery, drug, notion, department and general stores in two size Handy Oil Cans and three size bottles.

MR799

Manufactured since 1894
THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO.
130 William St., New York, N.Y.

FREE

A generous sample and illustrated Dictionary explaining the many uses for 3-in-One will be sent you without cost. Request both on a postal.

$10,000
Protection Against
ACCIDENT
and
SICKNESS

For Only $10. year No Dues or Assessments

Men, Women 16 to 70 accepted
NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION

Policy Pays
$10,000 for loss of life, hands, feet or eyesight. Many unusual protecting clauses. $25 Weekly benefits, pays doctor and hospital bills. Covers Automobile, Travel, Pedestrian and many common accidents. Covers many common sicknesses, including typhoid, appendix operations, lobar pneumonia, etc., etc. Largest and oldest exclusive Health and Accident Insurance Company. Don't delay, *you may be next to meet* sickness or accident. Mail coupon today for free descriptive literature. (Chi)

North American Accident Insurance Co.
192 Bonnell Bldg., Newark, New Jersey

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

AGENTS WANTED for Local Territory

Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

Charles G. Booth's Gold Bullets Morrow

Pretty darn mysterious was the death of Andrew Ogden, stabbed in the back as he sat at his desk. And pretty black it looked for his son Jerry, who disappeared after being the last person seen with him. But what was Ogden's connection with Alex Peterson, the picturesque character who thirty years earlier, with his two guns loaded with bullets of gold, had won a reputation for daring and reckless bravado in the mining town of Torridity? And who was Dillon, to whom on the first of every year Ogden paid $5,000, receiving in return a poker chip? Fortunately for Jerry, he was engaged to the niece of a sprightly old party named Peebles who, believing in the boy's innocence, made several trips to the deserted mining town, and after some hair-raising adventures, proved not only Jerry's innocence, but some other rather surprising things.

Edgar Wallace's The Double Doubleday, Doran

No sooner do we get through reviewing one book of Mr. Wallace's than another one comes roaring up over the horizon. How he keeps it up we don't know, but he does keep it up—the standard he has set himself. It may not be a very high standard artistically, and you may not approve of it, but it does demand quick action, a logical if impossible plot, and plenty of thrills. Hereafter we're going simply to run the same review for all of Mr. Wallace's books, leaving a space vacant for the title, and for the rating, which will be on a scale of from 1 to 10. This one is 7½.

Mrs. Baillie Reynolds' The Innocent Accomplice Doubleday Doran

Myra married a man that Gilda didn't approve of. His friends were sort of queer. Then a man whom Gilda recognized as one of these suspicious characters was found murdered up on the Col de Chésery. Which is in Switzerland, in case you don't know. Add to that a daring jewel robbery, a mysterious chauffeur at Gilda's hotel, and Gilda's realization that the suspicions of the police are directed at her, and you have a pretty good story—well, *you* know, pretty good—only we didn't think the atmosphere was improved—thickened, rather—by being heavily stippled with French words and phrases in italics.

R. Austin Freeman's The Eye of Osiris Dodd Mead

Old Dr. Thorndyke, the expert in medical jurisprudence, resolves another mysterious disappearance for us in this well-constructed and well-written story, which is not only plausible but convincing. We know of no detective story writer who can do a more competent job than Mr. Freeman, and we heartily recommend his yarns to the reader who likes mystery stories but is irritated by a plot which insults his intelligence.

This New Morality

(Continued from Page 85)

present attempt to do that will bring her plenty of misery before she finds her own instinctive level of morality. The community will resist every attempt to adopt new ideals of private conduct that offend against tradition. Custom will conflict with ideal, and ideal with instinct, in a three-cornered fight that it will take generations to compose. But some such conflict as this has always been going on in the course of the process which we call civilization; and the hopeful thing about the present battle is that conscious intelligence has, for the first time, come to the aid of blind instinct, and the fight at least will not be waged in the dark.

Speaking of Books

(Continued from Page 111)

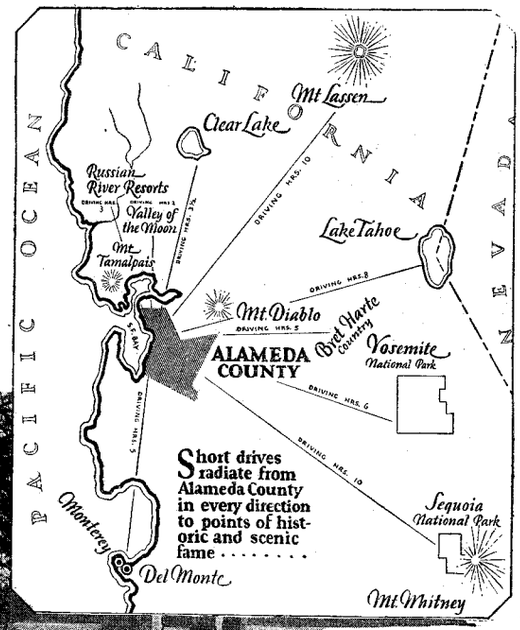
writing a three-page poem without an intent significant and exalting.

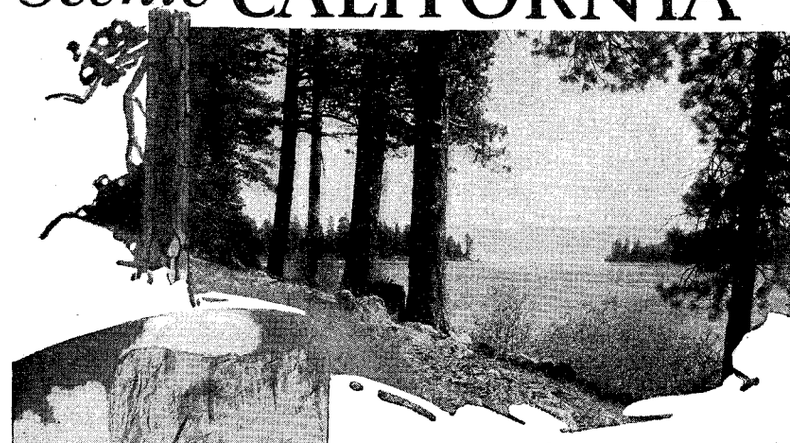
Robinson Jeffers is a poet of whom one should say simply, "Read the man," or be willing to say as much as one can say of his remarkable talent. There is no man writing poetry who in any resembling way strives to say what Jeffers endeavors to say in his strange powerful narratives; his is not to be measured against any like effort. His world and his speech are his own, and if he fails in his powers to take others into that world—through art—it is not to be wondered at. The depth of his passion and its turbulence is too great for him, as yet; so far as we can read in "Cawdor" he does not win the form for his chaos which it demands before we can do more than apprehend it—as a true burning chaos in the human mind. He has magnificence and there are times when he puts it into nobly marshaled speech with true inspiration; there are sustained passages of great

(Please Turn to Page 120)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ALAMEDA County Center of Scenic CALIFORNIA



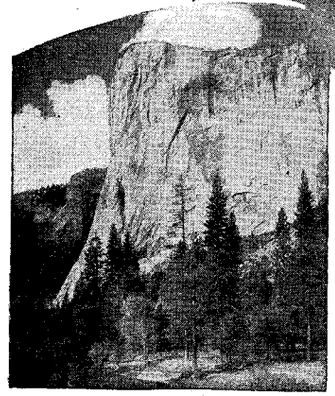


Beautiful Lake Tahoe

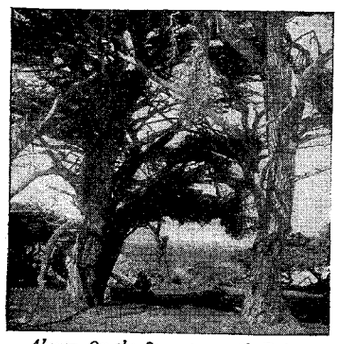
SCENIC CALIFORNIA—a glorious wonderland offering the finest handiwork of Nature in greater variety than any like area on the face of the globe—invites you this year. Scenic California offers you desert stretches, ocean beaches, the only active volcano in continental United States, mountains which outstrip Switzerland, river resorts, medicinal springs which shame the famous spas of Europe, mountain lakes, tumbling torrents and rivers which have cut their way through solid granite, giant redwoods, the equal of which grow nowhere else; delightfully peaceful valleys, marvelous drives along the ocean shore—such is Scenic California.

To see Scenic California to the best advantage means making your headquarters in any of the cities of Alameda County, on the continental side of San Francisco Bay—the world's largest landlocked harbor. From here, every major scenic attraction of Scenic California is a day's drive or less. The Yosemite Valley is but six hours distant; Lake Tahoe or the Redwood Highway a week-end trip; the Russian River resorts only a three hours' drive. Broad concrete highways make driving a pleasure at all seasons of the year.

Within Alameda County itself you can spend days of quiet, enjoyable rest and recreation. Here is the University of California at Berkeley, the Alameda beaches, the Oakland Airport from which every successful trans-Pacific flight started—these within a few minutes of your hotel.

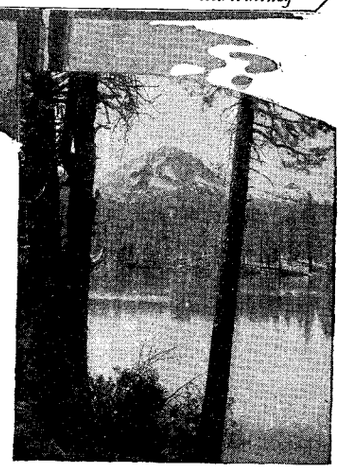


El Capitan in the Yosemite Valley—one of the few national parks open all year.



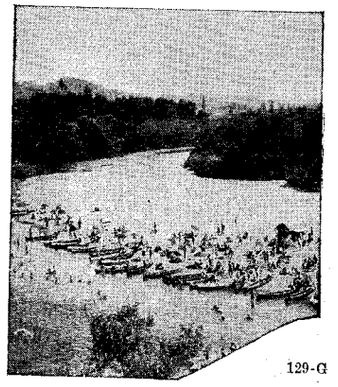
Above—On the Seventeen-mile Drive along the ocean, Monterey Peninsula. Below—Oakland Municipal Airport.

copyright aerograph



Mt. Lassen—the only active volcano in the continental United States.

Above—Giant trees line the Redwood Highway. Below—The Russian River resorts are most popular during summer.



Alameda County includes in its metropolitan area
OAKLAND · BERKELEY · ALAMEDA

Write the Chamber of Commerce of any of these cities for any information you desire for a stay of any length in the center of Scenic California. Be sure to ask for Booklet 13.

129-G

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

GAZING at an array of thermometers the other day we were reminded of the often repeated warning that men, in this machine age, are becoming the slaves of the machines themselves have built. Thermometers have enslaved their thousands. We know plenty of people whose sensations of heat and cold are regulated, not by the actual conditions, but by the height of the mercury in the tube. They'll believe a thermometer against the word of their best friend—even against their own sensations. One man we know nearly blew up his furnace trying to get the thermometer up to 70, when the actual temperature in the house was well up toward 100. The thermometer happened to have been broken the day before, leaving the mercury permanently at about 45. And we know of a storekeeper in a country district who on cool days in the spring and fall used to put a lantern inside the stove in his store. The warm and cheery glow through the isinglass was just as satisfactory as a real fire to the cracker-box sages who used the store as a club, and much less expensive. No, the storekeeper isn't a New Englander; he lives in Maryland. But what we meant to say was that if you insist on regulating your life by a thermometer, you might as well have one you can read easily, and there is now one on the market which can be read easily from the front, or from either side. It is called the three-way thermometer, is 5½ inches high, and is finished in either brass or nickel.

CERTAIN MANUFACTURERS, not content with supplying every person in this great Nation with one example of their product, have begun intensive campaigns to increase the per capita consumption of such things as motor cars, eye-glasses and so on. A man with one motor car is, if you believe the ads, as unpresentable in polite society as the man with a single celluloid collar. He must have a car for sport, another for town use and one for evening wear—three at least. And the same with glasses. The latest effort of this kind which we have seen is being made by a manufacturer of belts. "'But he *has* a belt'—that remark seems old-fashioned today when every well dressed man needs at least four belt sets." So runs the ad. Two for business, one for sport and one for formal wear. And having read this we took counsel with ourself. We gazed with affection at the shabby cowhide belt which has embraced our middle for so many seasons. It has served us long and faithfully. It has, so to speak, never let us down. How many pairs of trousers it has seen grow shiny and vanish. How often we have clasped it about us as we started out on some hazardous exploit, aware of its comforting pressure with the quiet confidence one feels in an old and trusted servant. Could any belt of genuine sealskin, with wild boar grain, calf lining, and buckle and beltogram of sterling silver engraved with a not too obtrusive W. R. B.—could even such a superbelt, we say, ever supplant in our affections—but we mustn't get sentimental. And actually, it wasn't in the end the sentimental considerations that guided our decision, for while we were still vacillating, our eye flashed the news to our brain that one of these new belt sets would cost $17. And so—for us the simple cot by the side of the road and let the rest of the world go buy belts. The American people can become as belt-conscious as they like or the advertiser can make them; they can belt themselves from neck to ankle; we personally shall continue to gird our loins with the trusty cowhide. With the $17 we've thus saved we shall speculate in some good sound mining stock selling around twenty or thirty cents a share. By the time the old belt wears out we'll have enough profit to buy a suspender factory.

A GOOD TOY AIRPLANE is the Silver Ace. It winds up with a rubber band and will fly several hundred feet. It can be bought assembled, or, for the boy with a mechanical turn, in either a knockdown or partly constructed set.

WE SAW some nice ditty boxes at Wanamaker's—the kind sold by the Government to naval enlisted men. They're made of maple and birch, are 9¾ inches deep, 13¾ inches wide and 8¾ inches high. They have removable four-compartment trays, and a hinged flap in the cover forms another separate compartment. Some of them had been painted, but we think we liked the plain ones best. They aren't expensive, and make good tool boxes, or you can use one for medicines, sewing things or what have you?

A NEW FOLDING OPERA GLASS is very ingeniously constructed so that it will fold flat in a case that will take up very little room in either pocket or evening bag. It isn't very easy to describe, but you look through one edge of the case, and the opposite edge opens, permitting the lenses to stand up. We hope that's reasonably clear.

MACY'S have felt bridge table covers which match in design the modern playing cards we spoke to you about some time ago. They're bright and full of color, as you'd expect. Excellent, if you like that sort of thing.

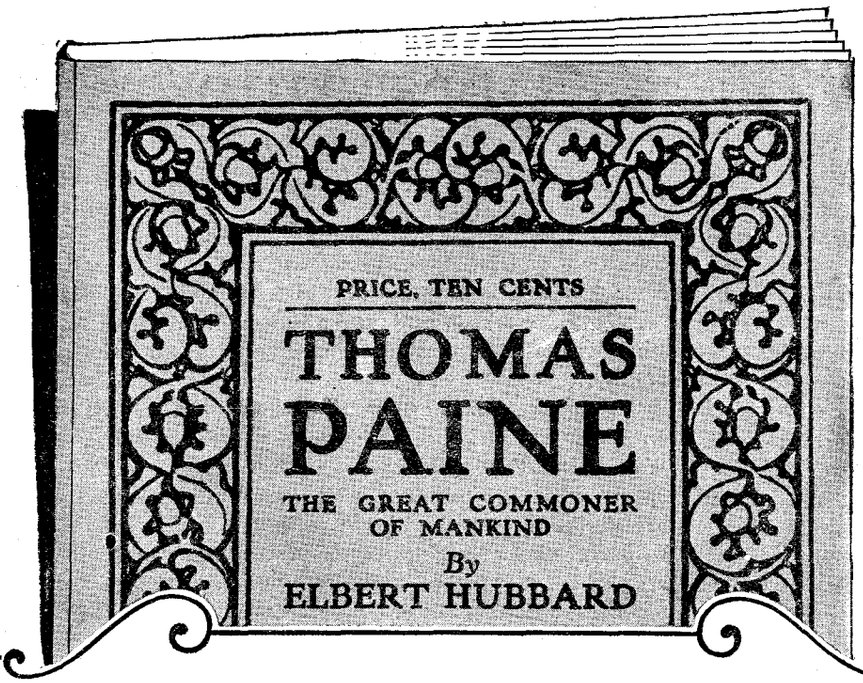
AN ELECTRIC HUMIDIFIER for the home is a sort of green bronze urn which holds water and contains a little heating unit that promotes evaporation. You can put in pine extract or perfume if you want to, too, and make the house smell good. Excellent in bad cases of cauliflower or boiled cabbage.

A companion piece is the electric table lighter which looks like a small green vase but begins to glow when you pick it up. That is, the heater part in the mouth of the vase glows. And it stops glowing when you put it down again.

TO ADVERTISE modern furniture as having "sophisticated simplicity" seems to us a little like talking about a noiseless music box, but the furniture thus advertised is all right, and not so terribly expensive as modern furniture goes. We saw it at Lord and Taylor's. There was a low coffee table of walnut with a black lacquer base that we liked, and some very good chairs, occasional tables and smoking stands.

We learn also that the Hearthstone Furniture Company, which has been known for its finished and unfinished reproductions of early American pieces, has now added modern furniture of maple, which has very good lines, is well constructed and moderate in cost. Colored finishes can be had to order.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Send Coupon and 10c

He Was the Man

Who roused the American Colonies to fight for freedom; planned, prospered, and named The United States of America; almost overturned the British monarchy, effecting far-reaching reforms; played a leading part in the French Revolution, and fought a tremendous, single-handed battle with bigotry and prejudice and superstition in a series of world-famous books.

Of course you want to read this exciting account of his life!

Thomas Paine was a liberator of men's minds as well as of their bodies. When Franklin said, "Where Liberty is, there is my home," Paine replied, "Where Liberty is *not*, there is my home."

He gave his life to laboring for mankind. Napoleon said a statue of gold should be erected to him in every city in the world. Washington paid tribute to his sound logic and unanswerable reasoning. Lincoln found his books when a young man, and they became a part of him. He declared: "I never tire of reading Paine."

Thomas A. Edison began reading Paine at 13, and regards him as one of the soundest minds our Republic has ever had. "Thomas Paine," he says, "should be read by his countrymen."

For 10c

Send Coupon TODAY

Thomas Paine National Historical Ass'n.
Dept. 921A, 50 West 47th Street, New York City

You will want this attractive little Roycroft-made book which tells the story of Thomas Paine in the glowing language of Elbert Hubbard. The coupon and 10 cents will bring it to you promptly. The edition is limited, and we urge you to send for your copy *at once.*

Name .....

Address .....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New York "Goes Auto" Again

By JOHN LANGDON LEIGHTON

LAST WEEK New York City was on its annual spree of examining the achievements of the automobile industry. The show this year maintained well the reputation of its predecessors for stimulating a peculiar mixture of curiosity and genuine interest.

Sellers of their wares, from Detroit and other capitals of the automobile world were present in large numbers, many of them accompanied by large families and numerous admiring friends. On the other hand inspectors and buyers of new cars poured in and out of Grand Central Palace every day from morning until late at night. Certainly no pessimist could enter the portals of the Palace and not emerge appreciative of the optimism within shared by sellers and buyers alike. Assurances were heard on all sides that at least 5,000,000 new cars would be sold this year.

The American automobile industry is definitely out to make good with the ladies—that is, no longer are the mechanical virtues of this or that car to be allowed to determine husband's selection for the family. Instead all the emphasis on the advantages of one car over another, such as ease of operation and control, is designed to appeal to the women. Poor news for husbands, but probably good for the industry.

The nature of the latest refinements is pleasing. Taste in line and in color is improving along with mechanical betterments, resulting in a dignified simplicity in the conveniences and luxury of appointments. Gone apparently are the days when rivals vied with each other for trade by installing in limousines fancy flower vases (the selection of flowers to be made by the chauffeur) and collapsible card cases, match boxes or ash trays which usually assumed a state of permanent collapse within a month after the purchase of the car. The numerous little things that all together go to make motoring and car ownership a pleasure are far more sensible than in former years.

For example: chromium plate has been generally adopted as the standard for all surfaces that have heretofore been finished in nickel. Chromium plate is far more brilliant than nickel and does not tarnish under any weather conditions. This of course is a great boon to the motorist, for discolored or stained nickel surfaces have always been a source of constant worry to one who takes a pride in the appearance of his car.

The latest mechanical improvements on different models seem to have much in common. Four-cylinder cars are conspicuous by their absence, while sixes are in the majority, with eights, particularly straight eights, much in the ascendency. Four-wheel brakes are universal, the ratio of the mechanical type to the hydraulic type being about fifty-fifty. Almost every car carries shock-absorbers as standard equipment as do most of them various devices for facilitating efficient lubrication and general care of the car. It would seem that the day is not far off when chauffeurs will be entirely unnecessary except for the purpose of driving.

With the automobile manufacturers planning to put 5,000,000 new cars on the highways in 1929, New York's recent automobile show becomes an event of major National importance. The trend toward lower prices continues, finds Mr. Leighton, and the cars are growing larger. More for the customer's dollar. But as yet there is no disposition to solve the customer's problem: how to find space for his five millionth of the 1929 output on our already packed highways

Among some of the most interesting exhibits were the Auburns which this year are to be found in three sizes. The Dodges are considerably larger than last year as are the Buicks and Pontiacs. Decrease in price seems to be accompanied, generally by an increase in size. The new Chryslers are interesting and graceful and offer the widest variety of body design and color. The larger and more expensive makes were in full evidence but it cannot be said that they attracted the greatest attention. There is something staid and steady about Lincolns, Cadillacs, Packards, Franklins and Cunninghams which, while it perhaps incites a universal respect does not instill a commensurate interest on the part of a wide-eyed and curious public. The largest cars in the show were the Renaults and Mercedes while the smallest, also from abroad, was an English Austin which seemed to be suffering from a case of arrested development. But there is always a ruggedness about European cars large or small which appeals to the uninitiated as well as to the informed.

The only disappointing note in the entire exhibit was felt by those who for years have more or less taken a secret pride in their ability to recognize any make of car at a glance. This is no longer possible. All manufacturers with few exceptions have altered the general and detailed appearance of their products. Radiators, hoods, wheels and hub caps have all assumed new forms and unfortunately in this there has developed a marked similarity among different makes. Take any car in the same general price class and it is difficult, without considerable examination, to designate the name of the maker. Standardization in design has been at work in the industry. Only a few old stand-bys like Packard and Lincoln show the distinctive features by which they have been recognized in former years.

WE LEFT this year's show imbued with optimisn for the future of the great American industry which is going to sell 5,000,000 new cars this year. But as we got into our own car we were presented with a "ticket" by an irate officer for parking longer than the allotted time. Protests were useless. And then we found ourselves hopelessly stuck in the traffic, which in New York is bad enough any day but was worse at this time because of the great spectacle which had been staged for the express purpose of selling more cars to the public when the traffic and highway facilities are insufficient to care for the cars the public has today.

Perhaps the automobile industry is going to sell 5,000,000 new cars this year. But where are the owners going to put them? That would seem to be the question of prime importance to the industry, to the buying public, and to the public authorities, for some time to come.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Outlook and Independent Classified Section

COPY for Jan. 30. Issue due on or before Jan. 21. Phone Stuyvesant 7874 .. or write
THE OUTLOOK CO.
120 EAST 16th ST NEW YORK CITY

Rates for Classified Advertisements 60 Cents a Line

Where to Buy or Sell—Where to Travel—How to Travel
Use this Section to Fill Your Wants

Hotels and Resorts

Arizona

RANCHO MANZANITA

Two hours from Douglas Ariz. A hundred thousand dollar guest ranch: Beautiful and modern. Steam heat, concrete swimming pool and tennis courts. Fine riding horses. Outdoor sports and recreation. All year climate. Now open. Wire or write Paul Davis Mgr. Rancho Manzanita, Douglas, Ariz.

Bermuda

PRINCESS HOTEL BERMUDA

NOW OPEN
Same Management
Cable Address: Princess, Bermuda
New York Office, Bermuda Hotels, (*Associated*), 250 Park Avenue.
Summer and Fall Resort
HOTEL ASPINWALL, Lenox, Mass.

Bahama Isles

No cold, shivery, wintry blasts in the **BEAUTIFUL, BALMY BAHAMAS**
Isles of Perpetual June.
Fort Montagu Beach Hotel, Nassau—Palatial, fireproof,—overlooking emerald seas. Every outdoor sport. Open December 22nd to April 6th.

California

Fontana Farms Inn

Restful, modern rooms and bungalows in heart of Orange Belt. Excellent meals; *very reasonable weekly and monthly rates.* Twelve miles from Riverside. For folder and reservations write to

Mrs. E. H. Bonnell, Hostess
Fontana, California

Cuba

The Savoy, Havana F Esq. 15. Vedado. American plan. Moderate. Delightfully located. Well run. Rates, details, direct, or Outlook and Independent Travel Bureau.

District of Columbia

HOTEL POTOMAC Washington, D. C.
ONE BLOCK SOUTH OF CAPITOL
Quiet location. Moderate rates.

Georgia

OWEN HEIGHTS—ZEBULON, GEORGIA
Spend your winter in Georgia, fifty miles south of Atlanta. Lovely country home, modern conveniences, delightful climate, excellent fare, rates reasonable. Mrs. Early Owen.

Hotels and Resorts

England

HOWARD HOTEL, LONDON
Elegance & Luxury

Every bedroom is fitted with hot and cold water, central heating and telephone. Many bedrooms with private bathrooms and elegant suites. The restaurant serves the finest of foods and wines in the brightest and most attractive of surroundings. The Lounges are spacious and luxurious. Bedrooms from $2.50. Illustrated Booklets from Outlook and Independent Travel Bureau which will make reservations for you.

NORFOLK ST., STRAND, W. C.

LONDON—ENGLAND
Florence Hotel
Lancaster Gate, Hyde Park W2
Old Established High Class Family Hotel

Especially favored by people of simple tastes. Famed for quiet comfort and excellent cuisine. Situated most convenient and pleasant part of West End, few yards Hyde Park. All bedrooms with running hot and cold water. No charge baths, boots, or attendance. Moderate terms for full board or room and breakfast.

Tariff etc., direct or through Outlook and Independent Travel Bureau
Rooms Reserved Against Deposit

New York City

Hotel Judson 53 Washington Sq., New York City

Residential hotel of highest type, combining the facilities of hotel life with the comforts of an ideal home. American plan $4 per day and up. European plan $1.50 per day and up.
SAMUEL NAYLOR, Manager

HOTEL BRISTOL
129-135 W. 48th St., N.Y.

Rooms With Bath		Evening dinner and Sunday noon	$1.00
Single—$3—$3.50—$4		Luncheon	.50
Double $5—$6—$7			

Special Blue Plate Service in Grill Room

for comfort, for convenience to all parts of the metropolis, for its famous dining service come to Hotel Bristol. You'll feel "at home."

Hotel Wentworth
59 West 46th St., New York City

The hotel you have been looking for which offers rest, comfortable appointments, thoughtful cuisine. In the heart of theatre and shopping center, just off Fifth Ave. Moderate. Further details, rates, booklets, direct, or Outlook and Independent Travel Bureau.

New York

Hotel LENOX, North St., west of Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y. Superior accommodations: famous for good food. Write direct or Outlook and Independent Bureau for rates, details, bookings.

New Jersey

Pudding Stone Inn

Here, close by, but away from the whir of the town, you will find a quiet, restful inn amidst 12 acres of big trees, and where woodsy walks abound, besides comfortable rooms and excellent food. Write for booklet. Open all year. G. N. VINCENT, Boonton, N. J.

Hotels and Resorts

The wedding of
Miss Atlantic City and Mr. Gulf Stream

which took place many years ago has been highly successful—the progeny most healthy—the financial condition undeniably prosperous—it has been a case of Northern pep and beauty paired with Southern charm and warmth—YOU are cordially invited to meet this ever young couple at

THE CHELSEA

directly on the Boardwalk—new fireproof addition—food for the gods—welcome enthusiastic—and special rates.

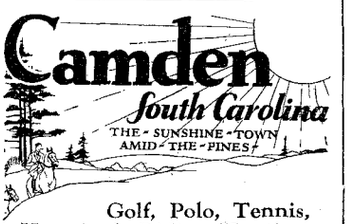
North Carolina

Cleveland Springs Hotel, Shelby, N.C. Ideally located. Excelleutly run. Moderate. Marvelous recuperation spot. Details—Rates on inquiry. H. D. Martin.

Washington

The **CAMLIN**, Seattle's most distinguished hotel. Smartly correct in guest facilities and service at sensibly moderate rates. Illus. brochure on request. H. L. Blancher, Mgr.

South Carolina



Golf, Polo, Tennis, Horseback Riding, Hunting, and Motoring among quaint old Southern Plantations.

Modern hotels and cottages that offer every improvement and comfort at a wide range of rates.

For booklet of complete information write

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
116 Broad St. Camden, S. C.

PINE FOREST INN
and Cottages
Summerville, South Carolina

Open December 31
In a private park of long leaf pine
Hunting in our own Game Preserve
Saddle Horses Perfect Motoring
2 Golf Courses, Grass Greens
Automatic Fire Sprinklers Throughout
FRANK M. HUNT, Manager

Tours and Travel

Is It Europe This Year?

Independent or conducted trips (rail or motor). Unusual itineraries. Motor cruises through France, Switzerland and Italy. Write for details.

AGENCE LUBIN
Est. 1874
113 W. 57th St. Circle 1070

Europe all EXPENSES **$300** up
The **LEADING STUDENT TOURS**
Cunard supremacy! 7000 satisfied guests! They are our pledge for the happiest summer of your life. Booklet P
STUDENTS TRAVEL CLUB
551-FIFTH AVE-N.Y.C.

Major Blake's Tours
England and Continent

Cars of every make for hire. Chauffeur or "Drive your own car" arrangement. Offices in leading cities. Free advice. Personal attention. Outlook and Independent Travel Bureau or
199 Picadilly, London, England

Something Surprisingly Smart
See Europe as it really is—Varsity Motor Voyages thru France—Switzerland—Italy—are unusual—for 62 days. New York to New York $760.00 covering all expenses.
Interesting Brochure on application.
VARSITY VOYAGES
Suite 1006—Steinway Hall
113 W. 57th St., New York City

You owe yourself one *Sunshine* vacation in
TUCSON
("Too-sŏhn")

A few swift, comfortable hours by Pullman brings you to this half-mile high Arizona city where warm sunshine and blue skies insure health and better living.

Here is the sunniest spot in America —336 days a year—graceful palms, gorgeous flowers, green lawns — in *midwinter.* Average temperature from October to June, about 48 degrees. Average rainfall, 5.6 inches.

Oldest and largest municipal airport in the U. S. A.

Low winter rates on Rock Island and Southern Pacific. Free stop-overs. Write for Sunshine Booklet.

Tucson Sunshine-Climate Club
ARIZONA

801 Old Pueblo Bldg., Tucson, Arizona.
Please send me the *"Sunshine Booklet."*
Name_____
Address_____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Outlook and Independent

CLASSIFIED SECTION *(Continued)*

Tours and Travel

EUROPE • 1929
Egypt and Palestine
Monthly Sailings - $865
Vacation Tours--Select Summer Tours
Private Motor Tours
Steamship tickets to all parts of the world.
Cruises. Mediterranean, West Indies. Bermuda
STRATFORD TOURS
452 Fifth Ave., New York

YOUR HOLIDAY IN EUROPE AT OUR EXPENSE
Nothing to do but enjoy yourself, we attend to everything. Write for particulars,
F. LACK, 1270 B'way, New York
11 Rue Boudreau, Paris

Help Wanted

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nationwide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, permanent, interesting work quick advancement. Write for free book "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite B. G.—5842, Washington, D. C.

Stationery

WRITE for free samples of embossed at $2 or printed stationery at $1.50 per box. Lewis, stationer, Troy, N. Y.

Situations Wanted

CULTURED Widow, 37, even temperment; unusually experienced globe trotter; safe driver; fond of children; knowledge nursing, cooking; trained household-manager, good executive; ten years references; wants position city or country, private or institutional. 8827 Outlook and Independent.

COMPANION, SECRETARY, tutor, governess or any position of trust by a refined educated Protestant woman. 8826 Outlook and Independent.

EXPERIENCED matron and dietitian also in management of tea room and gift shop, desires position. References. 8825 Outlook and Independent.

Miscellaneous

TO YOUNG women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a nine months nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

A Mart of the Unusual

GRAPEFRUIT, Oranges, Tangerines, Pecans: tree ripened, selected quality citrus fruit from tree to you three or four days. For prices write Boca Ceiga Grove Box 848. Clearwater, Fla.

FLORIDA CITRUS FRUIT DIRECT TO CONSUMER Marmalades and fancy pecans. Complete list on request. S. L. Mitchell, Mount Dora, Florida.

Gifts — Furnishings — Wearing Apparel
Mrs. Isabel Dwight Reed
Shopping Expert
2 Grace Court Brooklyn, N. Y.

Instruction

RUSSIAN taught by professional teacher, Imperial University graduate. Instructor in Russian at the Berlitz School of Languages. Michael Jerlitzyn, 2013 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. City. Tel Harlem 5560.

FRENCH CONVERSATION for children and adults; a practical and pleasant way of learning to speak the language. Address Mme. Louis de Riviere, 676 Halsey St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

New Windows for Old

(Continued from Page 88)

chic as the rue de la Paix. The material is polished black marble or Vitrolite—I am not certain which—the metal work is the color of lead, and the brightly illumined windows are lined with broad, plain surfaces of yellow wood with self-colored parquetry designs of the most elementary geometry. Here is newness, but here is also trueness, which is the only criterion by which newness ought to be judged.

You may ask me why, with all New York to draw from, I have narrowed my interest down to such relatively trivial manifestations of the building impulse as these. One reason is because they are experiments and excursions in the use of glass and metal, two materials whose development and use has not been completely explored and exhausted as is the case, more or less, with wood, brick and stone.

Glass! Familiarity has dulled our minds to this marvel of man's making, which matches the stone for hardness, the diamond for brilliance, the air for transparency, and has power to reflect an image no less clearly than "waters stilled at even." Let me see if I can give you something of my own sense of it. Suppose some ancient Egyptian builder, the friend and architect of Ptah-Hotep, say, again here and now incarnate were to walk up Broadway. The mass and magnitude of our skyscrapers would not greatly impress him, for these achievements, though they involve problems to which he is a stranger, are not so very different, nor are they greater, than the building of a pyramid or the setting upright of some giant obelisk.

If he should enter one of our tall buildings and be carried to the topmost floor in an elevator, the silence and swiftness of that conveyance would doubtless arouse his admiration, but not his astonishment.

But now suppose that he has entered an office whose windows command a view of city and harbor, and in his eagerness of interest stretches his hand out to point to something he has seen. What would be his amazement to find his hand rudely arrested by an invisible obstacle—glass?

Then indeed he would be startled into admiration and wonder, for though the Egyptians successfully fashioned small glass objects, they never discovered this secret of transparency.

It is no preposterous idea to believe that glass may determine the forms in which the architecture of the future may be cast, because it is a product still undergoing development, as are also those devices of metal for holding it in position and making the joint weather-tight. The shop front problem is important therefore in another sense and for another reason than the obvious one; being concerned with these materials, involving their use, it makes, inevitably, for their development, both in fabrication, and in design.

Speaking of Books

(Continued from Page 114)

eloquence in "Cawdor," and eloquence for an individual spiritual perception of life on earth which is unmistakably separate, one man's singular passion, one poet's labor. He paints and plays man's dereliction as he feels it, and he feels it with strangeness and constancy which few artists surpass. For where this strangeness in him has its source one may search and analyze; what science today will find an explanation is debatable. But it is this strangeness which makes the limited discussion of his work futile. It is in every line, on every page, it is baffling since it accounts for both the strength and the weakness in his poems, particularly the long poems where he sounds his music as fully as he is able. He uses symbolism and imagery with the force and irrationality of a dreaming mind. And the reader with his horizons of health and sanity is disconcerted and repelled in the unapologizing universe of Jeffers's creating. The passion is incontestably there, and the mechanism which ignites it is not simple, consistent or dependable. There are jolts, flaws and uncertainties throughout "Cawdor" but those are the flaws in the maker of this chaos. If he lacked them, if Robinson Jeffers could give the unimaginable order to what he feels and knows, we should have one of the greatest artists.

GEORGE O'NEILL.

Eat and Be Well!

A condensed set of health rules—many of which may be easily followed right in your own home, or, while traveling. You will find in this little book a wealth of information about food elements and their relation to physical welfare.

CONTROL YOUR WEIGHT WITHOUT DRUGS OR TIRESOME EXERCISES

Effective weight control diets, acid and bland diets, laxative and blood-building diets, and diets used in the correction of various chronic maladies.

The book is for FREE circulation. Not a mail-order advertisement. Name and address on card will bring it without cost or obligation.

DIET BOOK Sent Free

HEALTH EXTENSION BUREAU
294 Good Health Building, Battle Creek, Mich.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED